# Catholic Digest

REG. U.S

GOLDEN THREAD OF CATHOLIC THOUGHT

25¢

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# CATHOLIC DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

Send forth wisdom, O Lord, from the throne of Thy greatness, that she may be with me and may labor with me: that I may know what is pleasing to Thee at all times. O Lord, give me wisdom that sitteth by Thy throne.

Responsory from Matins of the first Sunday of August.

#### THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

55 E. TENTH STREET

ST. PAUL MINNESOTA

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The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and upon non-Catholic magazines as well, when they publish Catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic magazines. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: For the rest, brethren, all that is true, all that is seemly, all that is just, all that is pure, all that is lovable, all that is winning—whatever is virtuous or praiseworthy-let such things fill your thought.

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Editor: Paul Bussard Managing Editor: Louis A. Gales

Assistant Editors: Francis B. Thornton, Kenneth Ryan Edward A. Harrigan, Jerome T. Gaspard

Business Manager: Edward F. Jennings



# Catholic Digest

VOL. 5

**AUGUST, 1941** 

NO. 10

### London Bomb Shelters

Underground white harvest

Condensed from the Catholic Ladies' Journal\*

As far as we could see, the basement floor was littered with heaps of bulging sacks. No one needed to be told what the sacks held. The smell of pepper, cinnamon, cloves and caraway rose up around us. If the brown men and women who had picked these spices could have seen them now they would have been amazed. For each sack was a bed; each heap of sacks a family corner, where children played their own version of marbles with the nutmegs oozing from a broken bag. This was an air-raid shelter.

There were no bunks; though by now tens of thousands of bunks are installed in other places. They say one can get used to anything, but sleeping on a sack of peppercorns must take some practice. Yet no one except us sneezed. They didn't notice it now, they said. Overhead there was an almost continual thunder of guns. Nobody noticed it; indeed, it was the

intervals of silence that called for comment.

A word of explanation or approval from the shelter marshal was the usual thing on these expeditions, enabling us to sell our shelter paper A. M., for that was the reason of our night pilgrimage, and the influence of these men on the shelterers is generally very great. Some marshals suggested other shelters, too, "Tell them that Joe sent you along," was the formula. And obedience to Ioe's directions sent one down rickety ladders into public-house basements, down area steps into reinforced coal cellars, into church crypts, down under billiard halls and shops and officesonce under railway arches down a tunnel that fell away mysteriously into the earth and opened out into a sort of cave, where a group of tramps sat round a brazier, full of glowing wood plundered from some heap of wreckage. They were incredibly poor, desti-

\*26 Homebush Rd., Homebush, Australia, May, 1941.

tute and weary, crouching over the fire. God knows what they did in the day-time. "This is my only bit of comfort," said an old crone, toothlessly. She was drinking alcohol spirits out of an enamel mug. Surprisingly, she had a penny and insisted on giving it to us for a copy of A. M. "I can't read, so it's no good giving it to me. Give it to him," and she jerked her head towards a lanky skeleton of a youth, who sat staring into the bucket of fire and rubbing his blue fingers.

What an incredible collection of people sheltering night after night deep under the streets of London! Tramps like these, babies who were born here while the bombs screamed from the sky, workmen, mothers of families, poets and children. Never since history was written could so many different people have been housed together, white men and colored, men and women of all the nations of Europe. Millions of people together night after night in hard, uncomfortable surroundings; and yet the very hardness and discomfort and impersonality of it all is the very thing that produces virtue that a saint might envy. They grumble; but they grumble about the talkative woman in the bunk opposite, about the family that insists on playing the phonograph for hours, about the quality of the canteen cocoa, the staple drink of the shelters. But they never grumble about spending night after night as they do.

Near that spice warehouse was another shelter, with bunks and central heating; complete, like an ever-increasing number of shelters, with a first-aid post, a doctor, a canteen, a piano and even a concert party. But not one of those people dreamed of changing shelters. They had started by coming here and they would stay until the place was bombed out. It is the same instinct that A. R. P. workers have to fight every day when men and women clamor to be left in their half-demolished homes. It is a fundamental instinct. That is why every family tries to make a home there and settle down. This is forbidden in the shelters; they may not be homes. But here and there families have ridden roughshod over the rules and turned their corners into something remotely resembling home. It is mostly the people who have been bombed out who succeed. In the basement of a draper's shop we found an example of this. A brass bedstead, a chair, a canary in a cage and an oakframed photograph. "That's all that was left," said the woman cheerfully, who was sitting on the chair and knitting at top speed. She had put a cloth over the bird cage and the canary was silent. The photograph hung from the foot of the bed. It was faded and flyblown; it must have been her wedding portrait, for it showed her in a highnecked dress, leg-of-mutton sleeves, and a hat heavy with flowers; her arm was laid on the arm of a man

who sported a waxed moustache and clutched a tall bowler hat in his hand.

She stopped knitting to bring a penny out of a rusty black bag and to put on her spectacles. She had a little spirit lamp behind her and a kettle boiling; this despite the fact that there was a canteen in the next room. "That's for my boy Jim," she said. "He'll be here soon; he brings his girl here and we all have supper together." She nodded sagely towards the canteen. "They don't know how he likes his tea," she said, "but I do." She was a great talker. She would have made tea for us only it meant that it might be cold when Jim arrived.

It was this woman who told us about the priest who came there every evening to say night prayers with the people. That priest is not unique; there are many of them who tramp from one shelter to another in the darkness. defying Blitz and bombs, and who are really welcomed by the crowds. There is no fear in the shelters that here is someone who has dropped in to hand out a dose of religion. They know that many of these priests are homeless, too, that they eat in communal feeding centers, sleep, if they sleep at all, in church crypts, or in basements, sharing everything with the people they are working for.

We left the brass bedstead and the spluttering kettle. We could not sleep there, for every place was taken. But the marshal knew another place and a

short cut to reach it. Outside, the sky was glowing. Part of the city was ablaze, and the clouds of smoke rose huge and heavy, dimming the searchlights. It was a Londoner who said he had lost most of his fear of hell. for the flames of hell would have a job to beat these. It was as light as day, with a red glare. We saw the illuminated S that stands for shelter, and crawled down a spiral staircase that never seemed to end. We were in a disused subway station, hundreds of feet beneath the fires. It was in a tunnel a mile long, and the walls were lined with rows of three-decker beds.

They were putting the children to bed, undressing them and fixing them securely in the lower bunks, the very small ones being laced in with pieces of string. In the shadows, a young woman, but little more than a girl, had wakened her child to feed it. Beside her was a wooden apple box, and within it lay the infant's shawl and a blue celluloid rattle. He was half asleep and the milk trickled down his chin. She smiled faintly at us. She had been sheltering there for two months, and the baby had been born there. Her husband was fetching cocoa from the canteen; he had been reading, and the book lay face downwards on the bunk. It was a Penguin edition of The Compleat Angler.

Ultimately we came to a Tube station, where the most silent figure was a small child lying asleep in an open

suitcase, quite oblivious to the incessant roar of the trains and the grating of the escalators. Along the platforms, up the steps, on the landings, was a mass of men and women. Everyone was going to bed, which for the women involved putting on hair nets, and for the men the taking off of coats and collars. Sleeping on boards would be a mere nothing to these people, for they sleep on stone littered with empty cigarette packets and bits of paper. A year ago they would have thought it an impossibility. Today they lay their heads on suitcases, and are asleep in ten minutes. The air was hot and stale, but no sound of the guns penetrated. We spread our blankets above a trap door which, we were told, was sometimes opened from below, but no one knew when, so they thought it would be all right. The trains roared every two minutes and the grating and rolling of the escalator never stopped for a moment. Then after what seemed hours they both ceased. It was 1 A. M.

One would expect silence after the din of the trains had ceased. For a moment or two there seemed to be silence. And then the snores and groans and grunts and stirrings of these hundreds of people rose up into a sound that made the escalator machinery seem almost musical.

A million people in the undergrounds, millions in other shelters, all in the helplessness of sleep, all wanting something they do not even realize. For life in the shelters is making even the blindest see that homes and families can be snatched away in an instant. There is nothing permanent, and the sad efforts to turn a few feet of stone wall into a home are only an admission that the one thing all these people want is something that will last forever.

Though they do not know it, all these people are crying out for a Peter Claver, for apostles. Perhaps the war will produce a saint of the shelters. At any rate, no apostle ever had a richer field to work in, for this new life being lived underground by millions of people offers prospects of an apostolate that are beyond all reckoning.

Humanitarians are there; they give tea and cocoa and coffee. They see that the shelters are lighted and heated, the people comfortable and even entertained. They do all that because they love men. But that is only scratching the surface. To get down to the root of things is to help these people, not because they are men, but because they are Christ. Christ in the apple-box crib, Christ coming home to the boiling kettle, Christ sitting among the spices and giving up his place to others, Christ huddled over the brazier. But all unconscious of their Christhood until the saint of the shelters shall make it known to them.

# Marian Art in the Mellon Gallery

Our land and our Lady

By WILLIAM J. McLAUGHLIN, O.M.I.

Condensed from the Oblate World\*

Recently in Washington, a new National Gallery of Art was dedicated and turned over to the federal government. The huge edifice is Tennessee marble, varying in shade from rosepink at the base to pure white at the dome. This beautiful building, which cost \$15 million, was the gift of the late Andrew W. Mellon.

The new art gallery is one more proof that the Church of Christ has been the greatest source of culture in the world; and that the Virgin Mother and her Child have been the inspiration of man's most beautiful art.

During the Renaissance, a movement in which the popes played a large part, many artists, chiefly Italian, worked for the sovereign pontiffs. Consistently they seemed to produce their best, to touch the most sublime heights of inspiration, when painting a religious subject. The Catholic religion supplied them not only with patronage but also with themes: the mysteries of the faith, the events recounted in the Old and New Testaments, the blessed Virgin, the Holy Family and the saints. The Mellon collection includes the finest masterpieces of Renaissance art.

There are slightly more than 500 paintings, all masterpieces, housed

within the marble walls of the new National Gallery. Of those, 344, more than three-fifths, are strictly religious subjects, while still others are of religious inspiration. There are 117 pictures of the blessed Virgin. Of the sculptures, 15 are Madonnas. The list of the pictures in the gallery reminds one of the litany of Loreto.

The oldest painting in the collection is a religious picture. It was painted by an unknown artist about the year 1200 in what is now known as Istanbul. It depicts the blessed Virgin robed in the traditional red and blue, holding the divine Child. The Virgin is seated upon an ornate throne and is set against a golden background. Because national tastes differ, many Americans may not care much for this painting; but this Byzantine Madonna is one of the most valuable treasures in the collection.

How it got from Istanbul to the little pepper-growing town of Calahona in northern Spain is a matter of pure conjecture. But the forgotten lover of art saved it from the ravages of the Mohammedans and gave it a home in a monastery located in that town. Eventually it has come to our shores, more than 700 years after its creation, its author's name lost in the dust of

\*Holy Wood, Essex, N. Y. June, 1941.

time, but the painting itself remaining a colorful testimony to his devotion.

Early masters in the various cities of Italy developed their own peculiar style of painting, were imitated by their pupils, and thus over a period of time became recognized as the founders of various "schools" of painting. The principal Italian schools are represented in the gallery; and in most cases by the paintings of the masters themselves.

Giotto is acclaimed as the founder of the Florentine school (which reached its apex in Michelangelo almost 300 years later), and we have an example of Giotto's work in the gallery, Madonna and Child. The Sienese school, founded by Duccio di Buoninsegna, is represented by Nativity, from the master's hand.

In the town of Bruges in Belgium, two brothers, Hubert and Jan van Eyck, practically revolutionized the art of painting by their introduction of linseed oil, instead of egg albumen, as the base of their paints. There is a van Eyck picture in the collection and it, too, portrays the Mother of God, this time in *The Annunciation*.

As one moves from gallery to gallery in this vast museum, he witnesses the progress of art through the centuries. He notices that among the 15th-century artists there were Religious whose names are among the most famous in the realm of art: Fra An-

gelico and Fra Lippi. He sees the progress of art towards a more marked realism, that Masaccio's *The Madonna of Humility* has an increased grace and charm not found in the earlier pictures, and that although the art of painting progresses the subject matter that was its inspiration remains the same: the Virgin Mother and her divine Child.

Perhaps one of the largest purchases of art ever recorded took place when the late Mr. Mellon procured some 21 paintings from the Hermitage Gallery in Leningrad for \$7 million. Among these masterpieces bought from Russia is the famous Alba Madonna by Raphael.

In 1508 Pope Julius II called Raphael to Rome to decorate the walls of the Vatican Palace. While engaged in this work, Raphael still found time for his favorite task: painting Madonnas. *The Alba Madonna* was painted by him at that time.

For many years this painting hung in the village church of a little town outside Naples, Italy. Later it was taken to Spain and came into the possession of the Duke of Alba, whence it obtained the name it now bears. It was sold to an Englishman who in turn sold it to Czar Nicholas I of Russia. From the Hermitage Gallery, it came to America where it is now the most valuable possession of this land's newest gallery of art.

### La Fayette

Noble, debonair, faithful

By CARMEL O'NEILL HALEY

Condensed from the Quarterly Bulletin\*

Marie Joseph Paul Yves Roch Gilbert du Motier de La Fayette, was brought up in the Château de Chavaniac by his grandmother and maiden aunts. During that time, his mother remained at court to further the child's interests and also to enjoy the court gaiety. The little marquis had to be carefully watched, for he threatened to go out in the surrounding Auvergne forests, to slay the big wolf whose howls disturbed the neighborhood.

Although La Fayette was baptized a Catholic, he was taught little religion. Indeed, as Hilaire Belloc says, "The flickering flame of Catholicism was so tiny it is difficult for the modern man to conceive it." Later on, La Fayette flocked with agnostics, charlatans, philosophers, until his only religion was liberty-humanity. Jean Jacques Rousseau was in vogue, together with the sarcastic, irreligious Voltaire.

The youth was sent to the Jesuit college of Du Plessis, the Abbé Fayon and M. Frestel remaining in residence with him. There the young man excelled in Latin and rhetoric; both of which he was to use later on.

Gilbert was 13 when, on the death of his mother, followed quickly by that of the old Marquis de La Riviere, her father, he was left in possession of an enormous fortune in lands and money.

About this time there was growing up in France a noble family of five girls. Their mother, the Duchess d'Aven, surrounded them with the most assiduous care. They dined every afternoon at three. After the formal dinner they repaired, with their mother, to her gold and ivory-draped boudoir and discussed their lessons, of which Christian doctrine was the main study. But the duchess also read to them choice bits of Racine and Molière, not even omitting Voltaire. One of these girls, the slender Adrienne de Noailles, was just 141/2, the Marquis Gilbert two years her senior, when their nuptials were celebrated in the private chapel of Hôtel de Noailles. The little bride enjoyed her wedded bliss for only a year. The call to arms and to glory was in the blood of the young La Fayette; but there was another call not so often heard in that day of the "divine right of kings"; it was the "divine right of man."

America was struggling for liberty and the marquis responded with vim. Would he not be fighting France's hereditary enemy? Would he not be furthering the cause of liberty for his fellow man? Would he not have experience in his chosen career of arms?

\*International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, 22 East 38th St., New York City. June, 1941.

As a cadet, in the Black Musketeers, he had already sported a scarlet-and-gold uniform, with the great mantle of blue which was handsomely embroidered with a silver cross surrounded by flames. A cocked hat and long jack boots went with it. He felt himself predestined. Off he went, disobeying the king's lettre de cachet, not even saying good-by to his little wife and baby Henriette, and boarded his ship La Victoire, which lay in Spanish waters. He had paid for all preparations out of his own pocket.

Two months later we find him sailing into the Bay of Georgetown and a little later presenting himself at the seat of the U.S. government. The place swarmed with broken-down French officers, adventurers, some of them even spying for the English. Congress kept him cooling his heels until, finally, in desperation, La Fayette wrote the following plaintive letter: "After the sacrifices I have made I have the right to demand two favors: one to serve at my own expense; the other to begin my service as a volunteer." Congress responded, giving him the rank of general, and allowing him to serve without pay.

This did not dampen the spirit of the young man, for he had a nobleman's disregard for finances. Finally, he was off on his chosen career of glory. Soon he met the grave, mature General Washington, who instinctively drew to himself the impulsive Frenchman. The friendship thus begun lived long after La Fayette, for he named his only son George Washington. Together he and Washington fought the battles of the Republic, and together faced the cold dreariness of Valley Forge.

Perceiving the jealous plotting going on against his new friend, La Fayette was slightly disillusioned. So all Americans did not love liberty? He sighed and wrote to Washington: "Take away, for one instant, the modest diffidence of yourself (which, pardon my freedom, my dear General, is sometimes too great, and I wish you could know, as well as myself, what a difference there is between you and any other man), and you would see very plainly, that if you were lost to America, there is nobody who could keep the army and the revolution for six months."

The American cause had come to a temporary halt. The French regarded America's liberty as a fait accompli. La Fayette had been wounded at the Brandywine skirmish; he was lonely for France; he had time to think of Adrienne who was living with her mother. He wrote loving letters to his "Dear Heart." Congress placed the new frigate, The Alliance, at his disposal and French Marshal Gérard wrote to Vergennes in Paris that "the conduct, equally prudent, courageous and kind, of the Marquis de La Fayette had made him the idol of America."

He was soon to be the idol of Paris as well. On his return, King Louis graciously pardoned his going, and the ladies, rustling about him in silks and satins, showered him with attentions.

Young and as irrepressible as ever, it was not long before the marquis again set sail for America: this time openly; he had obtained the intervention of France in favor of the U. S.

The expedition ended with the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. La Fayette's second return to France made him again the hero of the hour. Louis XVI promised the rank of maréchal de camp, and Adrienne fell in love all over again.

The American treaty of peace with England was signed at Versailles on Sept. 3, 1783, and Washington retired to peaceful occupations at Mount Vernon. He wrote to the marquis: "Far from the bustle of camp and the busy scenes of public life, I am solacing myself with those tranquil enjoyments of which the soldier, who is ever in pursuit of fame, the statesman whose watchful days and sleepless nights are spent in devising schemes to promote the welfare of his own, perhaps the ruin of other countries (as if the world were insufficient for us all), and the courtier in hopes of catching a gracious smile, can have little conception." The marquis resolved to visit Mount Vernon. It was a triumphal tour. Boisterous crowds greeted him everywhere and he and his dear general, now no

longer in the buff and blue uniform, renewed their friendship.

On La Fayette's return to France, he bought a plantation in French Guiana, La Belle Gabrielle, and gradually liberated the slaves. The details he left to Adrienne. He then set about liberating the Protestants of France from the disabilities they suffered. In this the devout Catholic marquise helped in every way. Indeed, by this time both his wife and her mother were delighted with everything he did.

Led by La Fayette, the young blades who had returned from service in America made liberty and equality become the fashion; in France, philosophers and writers joined the cause as well. The sufferings of the poor were intense. La Fayette had answered his steward's suggestion, "Now is the moment to sell your grain," with "No, now is the moment to give it away." As a result it was bestowed on the poor.

The minister of finance was at his wits' end to find money for the court and the court's favorites. Led on by the frivolous Marie Antoinette, Louis XVI could not make the necessary reforms. In desperation, the minister thought of convening the States-General, but such a thing had not been done for over 175 years. The king convened an Assembly of Notables, "Not Ables" they were dubbed. The king's brother presided over the second division, to which La Fayette was assigned;

he turned black with rage when La Fayette said that the way to begin was to reduce the expenditures of the royal household.

The story of the French Revolution, which began in 1789, is a tale of terror. The people, aroused to their wrongs, paraded the streets of Paris to the tune of the *Marseillaise*. The tumbrels rumbled, heads fell under the red knife of the guillotine.

La Fayette strove for a limited monarchy. On his white horse, dubbed Jean Leblanc, occasionally kissed or kicked by the populace, he galloped through the streets of Paris. He saved the royal family and many poor wretches who had incurred the enmity of the crowd. Now that they had attained that for which they strove, the people did not know what to do with it. Marquise de La Fayette, now plain citizen, gave asylum to many proscribed priests who were not able, in conscience, to take the new oath. La Fayette, now general of the new Guarde Nationale, had raised the thunder but he could not control the storm.

Thoroughly disillusioned about the means being employed to further liberty, and his life being threatened at home, La Fayette turned over his command and sought refuge in neutral territory. In doing so he fell into the hands of the Austrians, who clapped him into prison, where he remained for five years.

In the meantime the hated Bastille

prison fell. With that the Reign of Terror began. Into the basket, which stood beside the guillotine, fell the head of the king, now plain Louis Capet; then that of Marie Antoinette, at last grown wise, La Fayette's sisterin-law and her mother, the Duchess d'Ayen-altogether 20,000 were put to death. Adrienne awaited the same fate as her mother and sister in the old college of Du Plessis, now a prison, where her husband had been educated. The churches were closed and the new leader, Robespierre, in order to check the spreading atheism, mounted the steps of the altar of the "supreme being" whose cult followed that of the "goddess of reason." Not long after, when his own head plopped into the guillotine basket, the Reign of Terror was over.

Sending her boy to America, Adrienne obtained permission to join her husband in Olmutz prison. Seeing the frowning fortress where she and her two young daughters were to remain for 23 months, Adrienne burst forth into a hymn of praise to God.

The man of the hour, Napoleon Bonaparte, was induced to exert his influence and, together with the representations of the American Republic, finally obtained the release of the La Fayettes. They went to Wittmold in Holland. The family peace was soon broken by rumors of an invasion of Holland. La Fayette wished to embark for America but he wrote to

Adrienne, then in Paris, "We lack the first dollar to buy our farm." At Adrienne's solicitation, he reluctantly wrote to Napoleon for permission to return to France. He had learned that Adrienne was always right. They retired to the somber, mysterious château of La Grange in Brie.

In the summer of 1807, Adrienne suffered a recurrence of an old illness, contracted in Olmutz prison. La Fayette would not leave her bedside for long. She grieved over his lack of the faith she held so dear, and said, "When I go away to dwell in another place you know well I shall look after you." She begged him to read, for her sake, two books which might help restore his baptismal faith. He promised. "I am all yours," were her last words.

La Fayette, in his grief, wrote to his friend, La Tour Mauberg: "Nothing can console me. I am devoted to a thought and to a cult above the world and I need more than ever to believe that all does not die with me."

It was La Fayette's destiny to live long and to take an active part in the changing events of the time. His span of 77 years included the period of the Directoire, the rise and fall of Napoleon, and the restoration of the Bourbons; and at the close of his life, he helped place the French crown on the pear-shaped head of the Bourbon Louis Philippe.

During La Fayette's last visit to America, the country rose as a man to do him honor. Congress voted him \$200,000 and named a township after him. Not only was he accorded the right of American citizenship but his children's children also.

Kings might reign and flourish and liberty might be bleeding, but in the peace of La Grange he recovered all his old hope and equanimity. When at last, on May 20, 1834, he lay in his bed with its yellow damask curtains, the curé praying in the darkened room, his children and his grandchildren near, La Fayette fumbled at his breast, and his son, George Washington, helped him draw from it the locket containing a lock of Adrienne's hair. La Fayette kissed the inscription on it: Je suis tout à vous.

#### 里

Charles Lamb was giving a talk at a mixed gathering and someone in the crowd hissed. A deep silence followed. Finally Lamb calmly said, "There are only three things that hiss: a goose, a snake, and a fool. Come forth and be identified."

# National Defense and Negro Americans

Statement of Committee on Negro Americans in Defense Industries

Condensed from the Interracial Review\*

Logic and the Nordic heresy

Justice for Negro Americans in the program for national defense is a searching test of American democracy. Our concern for democracy in Europe or elsewhere lacks sincerity if our policies disregard the rights of our own minorities. The guarantee of such rights is established by our historic national charters of freedom and constitutional government. It applies to all our people regardless of race, color or creed.

It seems especially important to observe these in letter and spirit in our national industrial defense program in a year when we have voted to make our country a great "arsenal" for the democracies, and when we celebrate the sesquicentennial of the ratification of the Bill of Rights. We can urge this with more assurance because there are notable cases, both North and South, where Negro workers have been long and satisfactorily employed in industry.

Negro Americans favor all suitable tests of fitness for any given job, but naturally and rightly oppose those based merely on racial considerations. Increasing are cases of the exclusion of Negro skilled workers from certain defense industries and of the frequent refusal to admit qualified Negro students into training and apprenticeship programs.

Some corporations of national importance receiving large government contracts have shown themselves unwilling to employ skilled Negro workers, or have taken on so few as scarcely to affect the general situation. In spite of a few creditable exceptions, companies manufacturing aircraft, automobiles, and gasoline motors are among those where such discriminatory conditions prevail.

Despite the excellent record of colored men in shipbuilding during the last World War, and the encouraging experience in some navy yards and private shipbuilding plants today, there are companies with defense shipping contracts which either restrict Negro workers, other than common laborers, to semi-skilled jobs or refuse them employment altogether.

There are cities in widely separated states where Negroes are receiving scarcely any opportunities to obtain the special training needed to become skilled mechanics. The fact that they are not being employed in certain industries, except as common laborers, is used as a basis for restriction in training opportunities for them, while lack of such training will probably be used to justify failure to employ more Negroes.

\*20 Vesey St., New York City. May, 1941.

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No thinking person can fail to realize the loss to the cause of national defense through such conditions involving the Negro tenth of our population, and their harmful effect upon the character and attitudes of Negro Americans who are eager to give concrete expression to their patriotism. Frustration, destruction of morale, and freedom of action given to subversive agitators opposed to the American way of life will be almost inevitable.

In so far as ignorance and race prejudice are responsible for determining our attitude toward any American citizen in the present emergency, to that degree we uproot the moral bases of our American civilization and make way for the totalitarian scheme of life.

It is not a question of the injury to the Negro alone; it is a question of the harm done to the nation's morale and to its reputation abroad by an unjust attitude toward any group in our population. There has been some progress in recent years, but if race prejudice is given a new foothold under existing world conditions it is bound to poison the entire body politic.

This is no time for Americans to compromise with race prejudice and its attendant discriminations in industrial defense programs, whether public or private. It is destructive to those basic elements of civilization which the ages have built upon the dignity and destiny of the human person. The time has come for the lasting repudiation of race prejudice as an influence in determining the policies of the nation. The brotherhood of man, based on the fatherhood of God, is no mere adornment of a democratic society. It is fundamental. It should involve an impartial and inflexible justice, practiced and experienced by all.

An Indian went to a priest to ask to be married. The priest, finding his ideas of the Divinity were of the haziest, in spite of much instruction, said, "Hijo [son], I cannot do it until you have learned El Rezo [a very elementary catechism]," and proceeded to give him further instruction.

The Indian returned the next day and said that it was all very difficult and that he still did not understand about God being everywhere. "Is He in the church?"

"Yes."

"Is He in the milpa [cornfield]?"

"Yes."

"Is He in my hut?"

"Yes."

"Is He in the corral de la casa de mi comadre [my godmother's yard]?"

"Of course, He is always there," said the priest.

The Indian's expression became triumphant. "Padrecito," he said, "I have caught you. My comadre's house has no yard!"

From A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico by Edith O'Shaughnessy (Harpers: 1916).

# Laymen Act ... 1

By RICHARD REID, K.S.G.

Condensed from the Missionary\*

confirmed hundreds of Indians on the Franciscan missions along the "Golden

Soft answerers persistent

Isles of Georgia."

It is difficult for one who has not lived in an intolerant atmosphere to comprehend the mentality of Georgia around 1915. The anti-Catholic feeling made its pernicious influence felt everywhere: not merely in politics but in social, fraternal, professional, business and other circles. Movements were inaugurated to drive Catholics from their positions as teachers in public schools. Boycotts were started against Catholics in business. Neighbor was turned against neighbor, friend against friend; members of families were alienated by the vicious anti-Catholic propaganda which had its chief source in the activities of one brilliant, ruthless, selfseeking agitator who boasted that his next step would be to close the Catholic schools of Georgia and drive out of office every Catholic in the state holding public position.

The atmosphere of bigotry distressed the Catholics of Georgia as Catholics and as Georgians. As Catholics, they took pleasure in the ancient Catholic history of the state, where priests with De Soto's expedition had offered the holy Sacrifice of the Mass two-thirds of a century before Jamestown; and where Bishop Altamirano of Cuba had, a year before the settlement of Jamestown and 14 years before Plymouth,

As Georgians they gloried in their state's reputation for friendliness and hospitality, and for the harmony in which all sects and races had labored side by side in building the state. They were proud of the good will of the Protestant majority, manifested by the affection for Father Abram Ryan, the poet-priest of the Confederacy; and by the election of Catholics to posts of high responsibility.

Because of their faith in the good will and innate fairness of their neighbors, they had not been greatly disturbed when the state's archagitator shifted his attention from other objects of attack to the beliefs and practices of Catholics. They overlooked one factor, however: there were 161 counties in the state, 60,000 square miles in extent. There were about 17,500 Catholics among nearly 3 million people. Of the 17,500, more than 15,000 were in four counties, leaving 2,500 scattered over the rest of the state. Many counties had not a single Catholic family. Eleven counties had resident pastors; 150 had none.

This was an atmosphere in which skillful and unopposed anti-Catholic I

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<sup>\*</sup>Apostolic Mission House, Brookland Sta., Washington, D. C. June, 1941.

propaganda could be expected to thrive. It did, slowly at first, but surely. The vicious misrepresentation of things Catholic, intended to create in the minds of the people a fear of Catholic domination and a hatred of Catholic institutions, was gradually guided by expert propagandists into the press, particularly the weeklies in counties where there were few or no Catholics. The archagitator succeeded in making "Catholic domination" and "Catholic immoral institutions" political issues to the extent that in many places anti-Catholicism became a requisite for election to public office.

Leaders among the laity approached Bishop Benjamin J. Keiley. Out of this conference came an invitation from Bishop Keiley to the laymen of the state to meet in Macon, the central city of the diocese. To this gathering came Catholics from all professions. They concluded that the bigotry was the result of a campaign of misinformation inspired by hatred, and that the only antidote was a campaign of information inspired by charity.

A wholesale grocer, A. J. Long, president of the chamber of commerce of Macon, was elected president, and James J. Farrell, an Augusta newspaperman, was named executive secretary. Funds were guaranteed for the operation of a publicity bureau in Augusta. The organization was called the Catholic Laymen's Association of Georgia. A constitution and bylaws

were fashioned after those of existing Catholic organizations; but in all the history of the Catholic Church there was no organization on whose program its activities could be modeled. It was the first of its kind.

The association devoted its initial attention to weekly newspapers in localities where there were few or no Catholics. Mr. Farrell subscribed to a clipping-bureau service and directed that every reference to Catholics, good, bad and indifferent, appearing in the press of the state, should be sent to his office. Clippings came in by the thousands, mostly attacks.

The association started on the theory that most of the editors wished to be fair. With that in mind, letters of correction were written to the editors of the offending newspapers. The letters quoted the objectionable material, and courteously presented the facts refuting the misrepresentation. The letters were never sarcastic, never disdainful, never funny. The laymen never forgot their object: to bring about a friendlier feeling among Georgians, irrespective of creed.

Many editors, the first time they received a letter, wrote replies expressing their regret that matter in their columns misrepresented the beliefs or practices of Catholics. Others ignored it; but every time offending matter appeared in their columns there came another rebuttal, always courteous, always charitable, but persistent. Most of these editors finally desisted, finding no particular pleasure in printing matter which would, it appeared, inevitably bring a correction.

There was left a small minority of zealots and professional anti-Catholics, who still ignored the letters of correction. The Laymen's Association decided it must have a publication of its own, even though it meant a great sacrifice. It started a quarterly magazine, which became a monthly, and finally a tabloid newspaper. Then, when an editor ignored its letters, they were published in the association's newspaper with a note to the effect that the editor had refused to do the association the justice of printing them. A marked copy was then mailed to every voter in the county served by the offending newspaper.

In the early days of the Laymen's Association it was necessary to write as many as 100 letters of correction a week, on such subjects as the clergy, confession, convents and the allegiance of Catholics to the pope and the U. S. The average in recent years has been about two a month, most of them prompted not by local editorials or news, but by syndicated columns or material in the communications columns. There is not a single secular newspaper in Georgia today which may be regarded as hostile to Catholics.

One of the earliest activities of the Laymen's Association was the answering of inquiries about the teachings and practices of Catholics, especially about the duties of Catholics as citizens. These inquiries were invited by advertisements in the newspapers. The appearance of the advertisements occasioned a flood of letters, some friendly, more noncommittal, many hostile and bitter. Every inquiry was answered with a personal letter; again, no matter how bitter the letter answered, the laymen were never sarcastic, disdainful or funny. Their object was not to overwhelm an adversary, or to ridicule him, but to inform him.

The same inquiries revealed the points on which the misunderstanding of Catholic teaching was greatest. Pamphlets were prepared on these subjects, most of them in question-and-answer form, in nontechnical, laymen's language. All who asked for information were recorded on a mailing list and were sent literature periodically.

When the association started its publication, the *Bulletin*, which became the Catholic newspaper of the South Atlantic States, copies were sent regularly to every daily and weekly in the state and to a number of Georgia leaders. The *Bulletin* is utilized regularly in the association's work of disseminating information about the Church. When a Protestant educator of national reputation commends some Catholic teaching or activity, the marked copies are sent to a mailing list of educators in the state. Copies with similar statements by widely

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known Protestant lawyers, physicians, Boy Scout leaders, Rotarians, Legionnaires and others are mailed to lists of leaders in these groups. Thus persons who would never trouble themselves to read other Catholic newspapers do read the *Bulletin*, because of the manner in which someone they admire is featured in it,

The Laymen's Association resolved at the outset to shun politics. In its initial announcement it said that it had no old scores to settle, no axes to grind, no new laws to propose; it had no purpose not common to all good citizens. They had, however, they said, a very lively interest in any opposition shown to a candidate simply because he was a Catholic. The campaign

against Governor Smith's candidacy on the score of his religion failed in Georgia, which cast its electoral vote for him.

When Archbishop Cicognani, apostolic delegate to the U. S., went to Savannah last October for the convention of the association, he was given one of the most enthusiastic welcomes ever accorded a visitor to that hospitable city. Greeted by the mayor and city officials, Archbishop Cicognani, Bishop O'Hara and their party were escorted in a parade through the city, while thousands of persons, most of them non-Catholics, lined the streets. Had it been 1915, their reception no doubt would have been somewhat different.

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# Laymen Act ... II

By KARL H. ROGERS

Condensed from the Epistle\*

If you were a resident of Wichita, Kan., you would most likely be a reader of the Daily Eagle, the largest newspaper in that state. And if so, you would be seeing in its columns a Catholic Information article nicely displayed: one each week, explaining some Catholic belief or practice, in a brief, courteous and interesting way. You would notice that this publicity

Driving the wedge

was always signed by the Sacred Heart Junior College of Wichita, which at the end of every message also offered to supply, to all who made inquiry, full information on any Catholic subject.

In fact, were you dwelling in any one of 329 communities in 37 of our 48 states, you would be reading weekly in your city daily, your town or country weekly, these self-same Catholic articles, each signed by a local Catholic society. In this way some 2,387,619 families are now receiving weekly information regarding the Catholic Church.

The newspaper space occupied weekly by these informative articles, averaging 12 inches, would cost hundreds of thousands of dollars annually at advertising rates. Yet the Catholic societies pay not one cent to any paper at any time.

But how did these Catholic groups get started? Catholics of good will heard or read about this apostolate and wrote to the Catholic Information Society of Narberth, Pa., asking for the plan and enclosing its cost of 24c in stamps. These groups then received sample articles to examine and show to their local editors. They got also the complete plan of work which included the counterargument to every known editorial objection, as well as a list of all papers using the Narberth plan, and a booklet showing the cordial approval of 47 members of the American hierarchy.

But why are editors willing to donate this costly space? There are several reasons. First, they are made to see that Catholics have a right to have their religion judged for what it is, and not by what many have heard from non-Catholic or anti-Catholic sources. Only by true knowledge of the other man's beliefs can we have religious tolerance among American citizens.

Perhaps many editors accept the articles because they see in them the technique and psychology of the professional advertising man, the man trained to attract attention to his message, arouse and maintain interest and give reasons for his statements without arousing the antagonism of any reader. The more such elements are put into commercial advertising space, the more people will read this section and the more sales will result.

Fully two-thirds of our population today is non-religious, pathetically indifferent. They do not want to read dry, formal articles dealing with religious subjects. But experience shows that many of these people will read and absorb short, simple, popular pieces of information on the same subjects.

There is a charge of \$10 annually for those who use the Narberth secular press service. This represents not the cost of the material supplied, nor the value of the brainwork back of the plan; it but defrays part of the actual cost of the work.

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This movement is also propagated by means of another plan sent at a nominal cost to interested groups. Operating methods are fully explained in the plan, which also includes samples of the pamphlets to be used during the first year. The society or group which decides to demonstrate the faith according to the Narberth plan, makes up its own list of non-Catholic neighbors, produces its own introductory letter and then orders from Narberth the quantity of pamphlets needed. The back page of each is specially worded to include the name, address and committee of the local group, if this is desired.

Some prefer the pamphlet-mailing plan for the reason that they are thus sure to reach particular people in a more personal and effective way.

The present record of 218 societies now operating in the Narberth way shows that the work can be done in many places.

The Narberth Movement purports to inform, only that. Because people, as a rule, must know what the Church is and what it teaches before they will give it consideration at all, the movement appears to be a good stepping stone to the faith.

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The Duke of Ossuna, on a visit to one of the galleys, asked the galley slaves of what crimes they were guilty to deserve such punishment. Immediately they all cried out that they were innocent, except one, who admitted his guilt.

"It is not right to have a guilty man among all these innocent ones," said the duke, and thereupon gave the order for his release.

The Liguorian (March '41).

#### Mad Hatters

Tiny hats are budding out this month of April on the heads of my countrywomen in Paris. Extravagant little hats. Joke hats, ironical hats seeming likely to drive the wearer mad.

On the head of this blonde a swallow is picking cherries; on the curls of that brunette tufts of lilies blossom out, held together by blue and red tulle. The permanent of this redhead houses a flight of sparrows, and on the waves of that platinum blonde perches a tiny straw held in place by ribbons tied under her chin.

German soldiers and officers are stupefied by them, and when they take a notion to follow the wearer of one of these fantastic outfits into a store she replies, in line with the general attitude, "N'entrez pas! Juedisches Geschaeft" (Don't come in! Jewish shop).

The New York Times (6 July '41).

# Conscientious Objectors

By JOHN K. RYAN

Truth between extremes

Condensed from the Catholic Educational Review\*

Recognizing that the question of conscientious objection to military service would arise with the enactment of the Selective Service Act, the American government has attempted to solve the problem in terms of democratic principles and traditions. It has seen that no good purpose will be served by trying to force into military service a man who is intellectually and emotionally unequipped for such service. If a registrant can show that he is unable, according to the dictates of his conscience, to serve in his country's military forces, he may be placed in class IV-E, in which he may do "work of national importance under civilian direction."

As a result of this just and liberal policy, about 2,000 conscientious objectors began on May 15 a year of civilian service in work camps provided by the government for that purpose. Seven unused CCC camps are now ready for the conscientious objectors, and 14 additional camps have been selected. The conscientious objectors receive no pay for their year of service. While in camp they must either support themselves, at an estimated rate of \$35 a month, or receive their support from the religious sect to which they belong, or from some other

sponsoring body or sympathetic group.

A large number of the conscientious objectors are Quakers, Mennonites and United Brethren, but in all over 60 religious denominations are represented. A few of the objectors profess no religious belief. In view of the Catholic Church's historic attitude towards war and its insistence on the clear duties of citizenship, and in view of the admitted need for national defense, Catholic conscientious objectors are admittedly few.

Statements explaining the position that they have taken have been made public by a number of Catholic conscientious objectors. These have been upon a high plane and show evident and great sincerity throughout. In a number of them, emphasis has been placed upon the right and calling of Christian perfection. This is an important and interesting way of thought and one that should be completely developed in all its implications in discussion. Aside from the problem of whether perfection of life and active military service are incompatible and apart from questions related to this matter, it is well to make certain distinctions that are necessary for discussion centering around the questions of war and participation in it. These are

principally the distinction between justifiable and unjustifiable use of force and the distinction between defensive and aggressive war. These are traditional among Catholic writers upon the subject of war and must be borne in mind if fundamental errors are to be avoided.

With regard to the moral character of war there have long been two fundamental errors. One of these is extreme pacifism: the condemnation of all war as something intrinsically and essentially evil, together with the consequent refusal to take part in any war, since war as such is held to be wrong. This extreme pacifism is a false and immoral doctrine. It is as false and immoral as the opposing doctrine of the extreme militarists, such as those of Germany, Italy, Russia and Japan, who exalt war as something good and desirable in itself. The extreme militarist claims that war is always justifiable, no matter what the ends or circumstances. In the last analysis, these two pernicious errors amount to the same thing. Both are denials of the existence of right in any genuine sense of the word. The ruthless aggressor, attempting to impose his will by force upon another state, says that might alone makes right. In effect, the extreme pacifist agrees with him, for the pacifist repudiates the right and duty of self-defense before physical assault. It is important to note that Catholic thinkers from the first centuries of the

Church down to our own day have been as opposed to the pacifistic error as to the other.

Any tenable doctrine must not only oppose these two errors, it must also make careful distinction between two kinds of war, defensive and aggressive. Defensive war has never presented any moral problem. The nation, just as the individual, has the right of using force in self-defense against unjust aggression. Furthermore, a nation, to be worthy of the name, has the duty of building up its defenses against possible or probable attack. Hence, the problem of the morality of war arises only when it is a matter of aggressive war, of an attack deliberately begun and carried out by one nation in order to impose its will by force upon another. Clear cases of aggressive war are the attack of Germany upon Poland, of Russia upon Finland, of Japan upon China, and of Italy upon Greece, to mention only a few instances from recent history. The traditional Catholic doctrine on war has attempted to lay down norms by which we can judge the moral character of aggression. In general, it may be said that these norms are such that they demonstrate the folly as well as the malice of the typical aggressor, especially in the modern world.

It must be noted that physical force can be used against the unjust aggressor in defense of another's life and goods as well as in defense of one's

own. So, too, in the case of nations. A nation can exercise force in defense of another victim of unjust aggression as well as of itself. Sometimes men and nations have the duty of going to the rescue of others as well as the right to do so. However, whether this right becomes a duty depends upon circumstances that vary from one case to another. But when a nation goes to the rescue of another fighting in just self-defense, it is itself to be considered as fighting a defensive war. This is especially the case where the original aggression has been such as to endanger the peace of the entire world and to constitute a threat to nations that would themselves prefer to remain neutral and at peace. Finally, it is obvious that a nation may be fighting a defensive war, in the moral sense, while it is fighting an aggressive war in the military or strategic sense. Thus the armies of Greece were for many months attacking those of Italy, but the Greeks were nevertheless defending their country against an aggressor.

These are basic distinctions that must be made. In view of them, no careful or consistent thinker can be guilty of the absurdity of saying that, because the unjust aggressor is wrong in waging war, his victim must likewise be condemned for waging war. Yet that is the pacifist's error. He denies the existence of the right and duty of self-defense. More precisely, he

denies that he as an individual citizen has the right or duty of serving in his country's military forces. This position is both false in theory and disastrous in practice. It is explicit in the Oxford Oath, taken a few years ago by so many young Englishmen, with its pledge never under any circumstances to fight for king or country. It is implicit in the statement of some American conscientious objectors that they cannot rightly take part in a "war effort." Actually, to take part in a "war effort" may be the strictest sort of moral duty for those who are called upon to render military service to the nation in time of danger.

It is particularly difficult to accept the conscientious objector's argument with regard to peacetime military service. Here again is the familiar failure to make essential distinctions. There is a clear distinction between military defense undertaken in times of peace and the actual waging of war. In the case of a right-minded government, such peacetime military measures are designed to prevent actual war and to forestall attack. If the citizen has the duty of serving in his country's army when it is actually at war, he has the right a fortiori of serving in the army for peacetime defense. Yet the conscientious objector, in an appeal to some asserted duty of non-resistance, denies that he has either right or duty of serving under arms in national defense.

If the conduct of the conscientious objector were followed on any large scale, there would be chaos within the nation at a time when national unity of mind and effort is of the utmost importance.

Duty and right are correlative; each involves the other. In the matter of wartime service, it is necessary to remember that the citizen has duties as well as rights, and that these duties fall on all, although in varying degrees and ways. It is evident that, if one man fails in his duty of serving his country in the way that is required of him, others must bear an added burden. Most men and most nations do not want to bear the heavy burden of armaments and extended military service. Certainly, America has turned to them as a last resort and after long delay, in order to maintain its power and freedom in a warring world. Only if all Americans unite to do their proper share in the task of national defense, can the rights of the nation and the individual citizen be safeguarded and extended.

We live in a real world in which powerful nations have proclaimed by word and deed their determination to

change the existing order by the sword. Against this ruthless and brutal appeal to the sword, modern popes, Leo XIII, Pius X, Benedict XV, Pius XI and the present Supreme Pontiff, Pius XII, have uttered repeated warnings. Voicing the moral aspirations of the great mass of mankind, they have again and again pointed out to what doom the path of aggression leads. Pope Pius XI, a decade ago, said that he could not believe in the existence of a state "so monstrously murderous and almost certainly suicidal" as to plunge the world into a new war. Yet such states have appeared, and ruthless aggression, deliberately planned and savagely executed, has been the record of the past two years. Small nations have fallen victim to the aggressor, some of them even without a struggle. Great nations, assaulted one after another, lie crushed and dismembered. In the face of these realities, every nation, and America above all, has the duty of keeping itself strong and alert. In the face of these realities. American men and women, possessed of liberties and goods beyond all other peoples, have the clear duty of serving their nation in the defense of its just rights and dignities.

#### Beginnings ... XXVI ...

#### MONTANA

First priest (known with certainty): Peter J. De Smet, S.J., July 24, 1840. First Mass: By Father De Smet on Friday, July 24, 1840. First Baptism: By Father De Smet in 1840.

Gilbert J. Garraghan in Mid-America (April '39).

# Belgium Is Hungry

By JOHN CUDAHY

And we plow under pigs

Condensed from Life\*

Belgium is hungry. Of 8,400,000 Belgians, more than 8,300,000 are subsisting on starvation rations. In nearly every Belgian home there is cruel suffering. Some 2 million young Belgians will be cursed for the rest of their lives with stunted and impoverished physique, weakened and degenerated brain, and discolored, embittered characters unless relief comes soon.

These are facts which even an American could read in the morning newspapers with concern as detached as that with which he learns of a flood in China. In Portugal and Spain and Germany I met people everywhere who told me harrowing stories of famine in Belgium, but I cannot say my heart was really affected until I met my friend René Colin. He was ten years old when I went away from Brussels last July, a robust juvenile specimen with apple cheeks and sturdy legs. We were great friends. Whenever he saw me in Frère-Orban Square opposite the embassy, he would leave his playmates and escort me along the gravel path with an air of weighty responsibility, like a traffic officer; and it was flattering the way he always understood my American French. We were such good friends that one of my first calls on my return to Brussels was in Rue de

l'Industrie where René's father kept a barbershop I always patronized.

I shall not soon recover from the shock of my reunion with René. It was not that his cheeks, now sunken in, had turned a pasty gray, nor that he had grown so thin that his neck resembled a pipestem, nor that he had heavy smudged shadows under his eyes, It was the complete metamorphosis of the pink, hearty, happy Belgian boy I had left only ten months before into a tired little old man who stood before me, as spiritless as a wounded bird. He had given up school, his mother told me by way of explanation for her son's being at home in the middle of this weekday morning. Two weeks before, he had fainted in the classroom and so she had decided he should wait for better days before resuming his studies. René's father changed the subject to America. Like many Europeans he was always talking about America and asking questions about that dreamland where everybody was rich and happy and where in great abundance were found all the good things of this earth.

"But I suppose even in America you feel the war?" he asked.

"Yes," I lied, "in a world of disaster like this no one can escape."

<sup>\*</sup>Copyright, Time, Inc., Life, Rockefeller Center, New York City. June 2, 1941.

I thought of our elevators piled with grain cereals, stocks of frozen meats in our refrigerators, tier upon tier of bacon, ham and lard, marketless surpluses of Wisconsin milk, cream, butter and cheese. I thought of the great ranks of overeating American dyspeptics, the endless line of succulent hotdog and hamburger stands stretching from New York to California, and the vast waste from overloaded American tables, enough in itself to feed all Belgium. And I was silent.

There is something revolting and depraved in the spectacle of suffering inflicted upon a child. It is like witnessing the slapping of a blind man's face, and I felt hurt and grieved and at the same time bitterly resentful. So I went to see my friend, Dr. Nolf, at the office of the Red Cross to tell him the story of René Colin. I must have put some of the vehemence I felt into my words, for when I finished, the doctor was standing at the window, spectacles off, wiping his eyes.

"You must excuse me," he apologized. "I am ashamed. I am an old doctor and accustomed to human misery, but I have never seen anything like this now in Belgium."

Brussels is a city of walking wraiths, but Dr. Nolf said his main worry was not about grown people. What concerned him above all was the blighting influence upon the rising generation who could never grow without the materials for growth, and who, because they could not get these materials, were rapidly developing deficiency diseases like rickets, edema, partial blindness, bronchial pneumonia, tuberculosis, pellagra, eczema and anemia.

We went to the Ouartier Marolles, that picturesque old quarter with the narrow streets sloping down from the Palace of Justice hill, their cobblestones worn smooth by the grinding poverty of generations, all so graphically described by former-Ambassador Brand Whitlock. The principal of a large primary school there said that forced fasting had reduced attendance by onethird. For the past two months he had given little thought to curriculum, since all his energy was devoted to devising methods of providing his pupils with something to eat. A daily ration came from Secours d'Hiver (winter help) in large tin containers which looked like ash cans; we went to the refectory to inspect this ration, a pale green mess said to be a mixture of potatoes and rutabaga. It would be the main meal of the pupils for the day and in many cases their only meal. Most of the pupils come to their lessons without breakfast, the principal said, and there were few who got three meals a day.

In the classrooms heavy apathy was apparent in the listless bearing of the pale, pinched-faced boys with their dark-circled eyes. The teachers said they made no attempt to maintain the scholastic standards of that far-off day

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when young Belgians came to work with nourished brains and healthy nervous systems. All they attempted was to maintain routine for the sake of order and discipline. After 15 minutes of mental concentration, yawns would pass through the class like a breath of contagion and the students would doze off into semiconsciousness. Sometimes one would faint from sheer weakness, so quietly that it was hardly noticeable. Organized sport has been abandoned, but that is no hardship, for few have the interest or desire to play. Many parents put their children to bed in an effort to curb their appetite and conserve energy.

At the orphanage of St. Vincent de Paul in Marolles where a Sister of Charity met me in a little reception room adjoining the oratory, two of the children had died that morning; delicate, the debilitating effect of reduced feeding had been too much for them. Others would follow, the Sister said, her face alight with that strange compassion one so often sees on the faces of those who live their lives for others.

All Brussels soup kitchens were organized under the direction of Secours d'Hiver, of which the moving spirit was Paul Heymans, the well-known economist and former minister of economic affairs, agriculture and middle classes. This organization was supported by funds collected half from private contributors and half from the state. It was difficult enough to collect money, M. Heymans told me, generous as the people were, but his troubles in finding supplies were far more serious because the country had been cleaned out of nearly everything humanly consumable. And while the law permitted each individual to buy a loaf of bread every four days at a cost of what could be reckoned as 30c, no one could find bread at twice that price. Pressing demand and meager supplies had raised the cost of all foodstuffs to fantastic figures, regardless of any law.

M. Heymans said the average Belgian lives now on a daily ration of four slices of bread, one potato, two lumps of sugar or its equivalent and, from time to time, a one-ounce nugget of meat. This was the entire shrinking ration upon which the nation must somehow keep body and soul together, except for a pint of skimmed milk a day for each of the children, half a pint for invalids and the old. It was not a happy prospect, and in another war winter, famine casualties would be tenfold those of the battlefield.

I went to see Elizabeth, the queen mother, at Laeken, the royal palace outside of the city where her son, the king, is a German prisoner of war. Often the queen drops in at the soup kitchens but always unofficially as befits her status in an enemy-occupied country. Every Belgian will tell you about her devotion to the people, her unrecorded benevolence and her heroism at Ostend where she administered

to the wounded while bombs smashed close by and struck terror into the hearts of those of the royal household whose duty compelled them to stand by.

She was more a disembodied spirit than a substantial being, this frail lady whose strength was the traditional strength of gentlewomen. About her was the same strange serenity of the Sister of Charity in Marolles, like one who, in suffering all, suffers nothing. She spoke to me in a detached, uncomplaining way about this grieving, distressed land she knew so well. You could detect her professional training when she mentioned edema, rickets and other maladies of non-nutrition. Children were her main concern, she said, and she could not hide her dread for their future lives. She related a story of a mother she knew who had died of starvation because she would not take bread which might feed her children. This she told unemotionally. not as an appeal to sympathy but as an illustration of what is occurring in many Belgian homes. There were compensations, she told me in her softspoken way as I rose to go: sometimes the grace of a people shone through the encompassing darkness like a great light.

Back in Brussels I talked to M. Emile de Winter, secretary general in the ministry of agriculture, who gave me an inventory of Belgian food supplies. He said that bread, of rye and potato flour, now came entirely from

German sources. There was oil in Antwerp for the manufacture of margarine to provide a quarter-ounce ration a day until the end of the summer. Potatoes were running very low, and there was milk to supply one pint a day for children and one-half pint for the aged and for invalids. There would be little milk next winter, since Belgium imported the great bulk of its stock feed from the Western Hemisphere and most of the cows would have to be slaughtered when the pasturing season was over. Sixty per cent of the swine had already been killed and three-quarters of the chickens, so there were few eggs. Meat could still be rationed, an ounce a day, but this was so unevenly distributed that some markets like Namur, Charleroi and Dinant got only half the amount to which they were entitled. Beef and veal would soon become as luxurious titbits as pork now was. The situation would be relieved a little by vegetables during the summer but, he concluded, it was impossible not to be a pessimist about the future.

I asked him if the Germans had requisitioned much food in Belgium, and if so, whether they were still shipping much to Germany and living off the country. In answer to the first question, he said it was impossible to reply with accuracy because none of the burgomasters or commune officials had made an inventory of provisions in the country before the invasion, but

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he was of the opinion that the Germans had taken a great deal, not so much by requisition as by purchase by soldiers. That checked with my view, for I had a vivid recollection of Brussels' shops filled with Germans in uniform, their pockets bulging with bundles of Kreditmarks. Under this process of acquisition, shelves had been laid pretty bare when I left Belgium two months after the Germans came. And these scouring methods had only been brought to an end in December when the commanding general issued an order that no German soldier could thereafter buy any Belgian goods.

M. De Winter admitted that the German army was being fed entirely from Germany now, and that Belgium in large part was now living on German rations. He gave the following account of what had been shipped from Germany since the occupation: 140,000 tons of rye, 30,000 tons of rye flour (enough together to make bread on the basis of the reduced ration for nearly three months), 50,000 tons of eating potatoes and 12,000 tons of seed potatoes. He said further that the German government had promised to ship 130,000 tons of potatoes for food and 43,000 tons of seed potatoes.

After I finished my questions, M. De Winter had a few questions of his own about the possibility of Belgium getting food from the U. S. I answered with what was meant to be a fair statement of American feelings on the sub-

ject. I pointed out that, on the one hand, the U.S. was openly an enemy of Germany and that it was believed by many that our cause was identical with that of Britain. Therefore, we could do nothing to weaken the blockade. All German-occupied territory was, for blockade purposes, considered a part of Germany and it was argued that to feed Belgium would be assisting German war economy. It was distressing to think of the hungersuffering Belgian children, but who was responsible for their starving? To feed them would be in effect to countenance criminal aggression. Moreover, there was no assurance that the Germans would not appropriate any and all provisions shipped.

On the other hand, I said that it was true that the same arguments had been advanced during the last war, when Herbert Hoover distributed nearly \$1 billion of supplies under the hungry eyes of German soldiers who hitched their belts tighter month after month. Now again Mr. Hoover proposes to set up an American soup kitchen for the feeding of 1 million indigent adults and 2 million children of Belgium. This will call for a monthly sum of 45,000 tons of flour, milk, fats and soup materials to provide 1,500 calories for each person a day. Guarantees have been given in writing by the German government that none of this food will directly or indirectly be taken by Germans, nor

will the German army requisition provisions of like character. To give double assurance, Mr. Hoover states that he will confine shipments to ten days' supply so that at no time would it ever be possible to seize more than enough to feed the German population for one day.

Meanwhile, two Americans of much skill and experience in famine-relief expeditions, William C. McDonald and Columba P. Murray, Jr., have been waiting in Berlin for word to organize their mission in Belgium. These same two men for a year and a half have supervised dealing out the food supplies from the Hoover-sponsored commission for Polish relief; two depots have been set up in Kraków and Warsaw for distribution to Poles, Jews and Ukrainians. They tell me there has been no interference with their operations by German military forces, nor has there been any attempt by Germans to seize any supplies. Herbert Hoover points to this example in Poland as proof of what may be expected from the Germany army in fulfillment of its undertaking in Belgium. He insists that if we had a moral obligation to feed starving Belgians a generation ago, we have the same obligation now.

So matters stand, and the controversy between high-spirited, well-nour-ished Americans is energetically batted back and forth while René Colin and 2 million other Belgian boys and girls continue to be tortured by hunger. I

asked Cardinal van Roey, archbishop of Malines, about the workability of the Hoover plan. The primate, in maroon cassock and cardinal beret contrasting with his white hair, spoke with deep emotion. He was an austere, commanding figure when he said defiantly that the Belgian people would rather starve a thousand times if relief meant any jeopardy of independence. I did not have to acquaint His Eminence with details of the latest Hoover plan. He knew the proposal and authorized me to state to the American people that it had his unqualified approval. He said the plan should be given a trial and he was certain it would meet with success, for the methods suggested had stood the test of experience. In the last war the Germans had respected their commitments and there was no reason to suppose that they would be less faithful to their pledged word now. The cardinal added that there was no present prospect of relief unless America came forward as before.

This was evident from an economic survey. Even before the war, in this little industrial country, each inhabitant ate a daily bread portion of one pound. Two-thirds of all its cereals came from foreign sources and three-quarters of these importations were from Canada, the U. S. and Argentina. Butter and dairy products were brought from Holland. Now even the thrifty Dutch are feeling the pinch of scarcity, so there is no hope of help from that

quarter. There remained Russia and the granary of the great Ukraine but the story of the Belgian negotiations with Russia is a discouraging one. Two months ago a commission filled with high hope went to Moscow confident that they could purchase Russian wheat, for they had a great treasure of gold stored in American bank vaults which the former finance minister told me had a value of \$175 million. In Moscow a shock awaited them, for the Russians placed no value upon this American gold. What they wanted for their wheat was technical machinery which Belgian factories alone could produce, and also some of the more useful commercial metals of the country. In the end, after weeks of negotiations, the commission came back with nothing more than the promise of ten days' wheat ration in exchange for the only available zinc in Belgium. It will be a year before the complicated machinery which the Russians demand in immediate exchange for more wheat can be shipped from Belgium.

Belgian law provides penalties for violation of ration rules for both buyer and seller, and severe jail sentences are often inflicted. But the traffic goes on unrestrained, just as it did in our prohibition days. For much as men crave whisky and beer, the will to eat is more imperious and will not be denied. Everyone is doing it and there is no moral stigma attached to eating, if you can. Trafficking goes on at night and

the whole business is strikingly reminiscent of our bootleg days, with the same contempt for law, and with respectable people getting disrespectable in the same respectable way. Meanwhile, the famished do not revolt for the will to protest fails with dying strength.

It is a nasty world, this Europe after this second winter of war. My sleep is haunted by black dreams of another winter of want in Belgium. Yet no one despairs, and the courage and nobility of the people are an inspiration, as I told a banker friend who came to see me off at the train.

"Yes, we will go on," he said. "The Belgians are brave and no one will raise his hands in surrender. But no one dares to think of the future," and his own hands went up to the heavens, "for that way madness lies."

The banker asked me timidly about the Hoover plan, but I told him what I had told the secretary general of agriculture, that the American people were against the Hoover plan because they thought it would give aid to the enemy. He was mystified at this and, being a banker, used earmarked gold to illustrate how all shipments to Belgium could be identified and thus adequately safeguarded. He asked why, if that could be done with gold, the same thing could not be done with provisions. At that moment the train came, so I did not have to answer. I was very glad the train came.

# Mint Juleps and Cotton Fields

Mother Hubbard's cupboard

By a Social Worker

Condensed from the Abbey Message\*

"Pigs may be pigs, but Negroes are brothers of Christ."

I don't know whether my being stuck in a mudhole at the time had anything to do with that conclusion or not. Anyway, a social worker might as well go meditative in a mudhole as any place else, especially if he is way back on a Louisiana plantation, practically isolated from civilization. Lace-edged, salad-and-dessert civilization, I mean. In the distance I could see shacks that were little short of suffering a catastrophe like the wonderful one-hoss shay's.

Take Lovely V. Potter's, for instance, where I had been called just a few hours ago. It used to be a barn, and obviously, the rat family still thinks it is. Lovely made two rooms of the place by using pasteboard-box sides for a partition. Then she papered the rooms with gaudy pictures from magazines and newspapers. There are also pictures of the pope, Hitler, and President Wilson hanging on her walls. After I had clarified these personages for her, she declared that she used to know all about them, but that lately her mind had just been coming and going. She claimed that the "mizry" in her head was brought on by the long hours of cotton chopping and

picking in the sun when she was younger.

Lovely is old. She can barely remember when the Yankees tore up her "marster's" plantation. At that time she was carrying drinking water to the field hands, but she swears that she can remember when the "boss-man" told them that they were free.

This old Negress is representative of my other old-age recipient clients. That is, she has a soiled piece of cloth wrapped carelessly around her head, a dip of snuff in her mouth, and a pair of men's worn-out shoes on her feet. When she has a little money, she buys and eats salt meat, beans, corn bread and syrup. Sweet potatoes and greens are high favorites, too. She is distinctive in appearance, however, Distinctive because she has a soft white beard which she plaits tightly in a fashion that gives her an almost eerie expression. Like nearly every other Negro, though, she is humble and accepts the status thrust upon her. In spite of the hardships she suffers, she is jovial and ever grateful for her relief check of \$10 a month.

She belongs to a church and, uniquely different from some, she maintains, "I ain't never had no husband but Will," who is dead now. I say that

she is uniquely different because common-law mates are apparently considered a necessary evil to the colored here. One plantation owner told me that a particularly attractive Negress on his place had lived in practically all the huts on his plantation. When I asked Lovely if her kinsmen didn't know this practice was wrong, she grinned knowingly and replied that she knew it was wrong, but that many of her neighbors excused themselves by saying that God didn't marry Adam and Eve before He put them in the Garden together! Far be it from me to place the blame for this ignorant practice, but I do know that the results are shocking and touching. Child after child is born with practically no heritage, for often he never sees his father, and his mother doesn't hesitate to give him to her parents as soon as she can. Many of these children are handicapped from birth, too, because of both parents having syphilis. An attempt is being made to correct this, however, through the parish (county) health units. In my particular parish (county) there are approximately 100 colored people reporting once each week and receiving shots for their "bad blood." I think this proves that the Negro would improve his race if he were given a chance.

Children, too, are above the average. Four of them live on the same plantation with Lovely, but they can't pool enough money to support their mother.

They can't understand it, but somehow they never clear anything. Each season their landlord gives them a shanty and as many acres of ground as they can successfully cultivate. He generously advances them a loan in the form of a furnish at a very high rate of interest. This furnish rarely ever exceeds \$10 a month, and the landlord often insists that this be spent at his own little store on the plantation. He does provide medical attention for his tenants, but they undoubtedly pay for this with the interest on their loans. After one year of failure, the family never recovers, for each additional year makes the situation more complicated. In his old age, a Negro's only recompense is an old house, similar to Lovely's, unfit for habitation. It is free of rent, however, and the worn-out slave's gratitude is overwhelming. He ekes out the remainder of his weary existence in poverty, lives for his church and friends, and thrives on superstition. If he has the money, he will buy black draft (yaupon), liver pills, and liniment. If not, he can cure anything with such brews as "hog-hoof tea." This is one of Lovely's favorite remedies, and she very gladly passed the recipe on to me. First of all the hog hoofs are scrubbed clean, then parched until well done. After cooling, the hoofs are crushed to a fine powder and mixed with boiling water. This mixture is brought to a slow boil and allowed to simmer indefinitely. After

cooling, several drops of coal oil are added, and the solution is taken whenever the patient feels it necessary.

Ironically, while he sips this miserable concoction, his landlord sips mint juleps. Cool, tangy juleps: the fruit of such lives as Lovely and her children. "Such is life in the Delta," I've heard it concluded.

My meditation in the mudhole was interrupted by, "Hep yah, Missey?" There stood two husky, grinning, very black boys. They pushed with graceful rhythm, and I jammed my foot down on the accelerator with a viciousness equal to my desire to push them

and all their fellow men out of their rut,

Fogging with smoke and hiccoughing with exhaustion, my old car cleared the mudhole. I thanked the boys and drove back to my office, realizing my own helplessness. But I can at least point to Christ's sufferings and tell the Negro victims that their crucified Brother loves those who suffer with Him. The same God who saw the Pharisees toast victory as His Son tasted vinegar and gall on the cross sees the landlords sip their mint juleps. He is a just God, and Lovely and all the rest are His children.

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## Island in the Ocean

By RICHARD J. COLLENTINE, C.S.C.

Condensed from the Ave Maria\*

A dot on the map in the South Atlantic is Tristan da Cunha, eight miles long and half a mile wide, on a line with the tips of South Africa and South America. It has a population of 193; and (page Mr. Ripley) they first learned of the World War two years after the signing of the armistice. But a livelier era has begun for the islanders. A British ship now stops once and sometimes twice a year. When smoke and funnel appear over the ocean rim,

The faith in isolation

excitement billows over the island like the waves around it. Men hurry down to the beach and prepare the rowboats. Husky oarsmen pull out to the ship, singing hymns as they go. For an interval after the departure of the ship new dress styles appear. Lucky ones may be seen wearing finery like deerstalker caps, pink hunting coats, and patent-leather shoes.

Stores, theaters and paved streets are known to Tristanites only through pic-

\*Notre Dame, Ind. May 31, 1941.

tures and verbal descriptions. Bank failures are not among their worries, for money is not used. Flour, tea, and tobacco are bought with island specialties like fish, fresh meat and woolen goods. The people keep tab on time by sundials cut on their doorsteps.

Architecturally, Tristan runs to flaxthatched cottages of field stone, with a flower garden in front and maybe a potato patch in the back. Other landscape beauty has to assert itself in mountain pastures where wild cattle graze; these supply some of the fresh meat. A variety of scenic marvels is provided the year round by the 8,000foot peak that towers over Tristan.

Another marvel, tinged with horror, appears in a letter from an islander to a European friend. "We are busy just now," she says, "as the men are getting ready to put in their potatoes and the women have to help. We love it, as it is a change from our homes. Since I wrote you last I have lost my dear nephew, who fell over a cliff while looking for wood to cook his food. We feel the loss deeply, but God's will be done."

We suspect that there is no lack of occasions for these people to say, "God's will be done," and really mean it. Fellow mortals with the luxury and clatter of civilization around them would shake their heads and wonder why there are any human beings at all on this dead volcano. But all offers to evacuate them have been declined.

One of God's boons to the islanders is an army of friends scattered all the way from Dublin down to the Union of South Africa. It is they who send the pink hunting coats and patent-leather shoes, plus necessities of life, freight prepaid. The island consignee and distributor appears to be a Mrs. Rogers, who is a Catholic.

Of the 193 islanders, about 30 are Catholics. For them the arrival of a government ship is the cue for seething excitement: a government ship will have a priest aboard. This means a wave of conscience-examining, and other tidying up in preparation for the sacraments. The Holy Sacrifice and a brief sojourn of the Eucharistic King has a meaning known only to those who have lived in lonely outposts. The only church on the island is a small whitewashed structure which belongs to the Protestants. Catholics here live in hopes of a chapel; but to land building material on Tristan demands the right weather, plus strategy, speed and courage, to beat the opposition of winds and tide drifts.

This offers stimulus to helpful thought for the Catholic who has a priest within easy reach 365 days a year. When the hair stiffening on his head forebodes his approaching end, he can call a priest on short notice. When death creeps up to a Catholic in Tristan one of his thoughts is that 2,000 miles of ocean lie between him and the nearest priest. Somebody like

Mrs. Rogers may be there reading the prayers as best she can.

According to latest reports, Mrs. Rogers has garnered ten converts. She is making capital of it in her plea for a Catholic chapel and a resident priest. The Holy Ghost needs no architectural masterpieces, lighting effects or cushioned kneeling benches. The same Holy Spirit keeps the faith enduring, makes saints and converts of sinners, where mother earth supplies the floor for the bare knees of hungry, shabby, mosquito-bitten worshipers. And out in Tristan, our Lord has worked marvels with neither church nor priest.

God has assigned a special part for the priesthood to fill in bringing men to their final end. But in His inscrutable designs He has seen fit, now and then, to preserve the faith without priests. Tristan proves it; so do other places, like Japan, where Catholicity survived nearly two centuries after the exile of the priesthood. Perhaps these examples are ordained to give lustre to the term "priesthood of the people."

However, we can appreciate the feeling of Tristanites that they have enjoyed this honor long enough; that they would be quite willing to exchange it for that of glorifying the Holy Ghost with the aid of a resident priest and a church. The priest who might come to them could doubtless count on many compensations for the sacrifice. Among these would be a welcome and a cooperation possible only to those whose world begets detachment and undistracted thought. Other assurances would have at least a fragmentary appeal; such as absence of concern over parish limits, the nearest parishes being in Cape Town, 2,000 miles to the east, and Rio de Janeiro, still farther away northwest; no collections, at least of money; but endless peace in quietness.

The inhabitants of Tristan da Cunha live almost entirely on potatoes and fish, except at Christmas and on holidays. Yet they reach old age and have good health. At present, the oldest resident is 86, but he still has all his own teeth. Most of the men are over six feet tall: and only two have died in six years.

Most of the inhabitants are descended from soldiers and sailors wrecked at Tristan da Cunha in 1817. They knew nothing about the present war until several months after it was started. The news reached them through a passing ship; the island had a radio, but it got out of order, and nobody could fix it.

A few years ago a Paulist visiting there offered the first Mass. Once we carried an appeal that Catholic newspapers and periodicals be mailed to the island. We received a surprising amount of correspondence from readers who said their packages had been returned because the postal authorities did not know where the place is.

## Strikes and the American Public

By HAROLD SMITH

First defense the River Rouge?

Condensed from the Corpus Christi Chronicle\*

There is little doubt that in recent months the sympathy of a section of the American public has been alienated from organized labor. The alleged responsibility of labor unions for strikes in defense industries is undoubtedly the cause of the critical, and at times hostile, attitude that has been evinced. This is both an unjust and unfortunate reaction. It is unjust because the reasons advanced for it are without basis in fact.

Sidney Hillman, associate director of OPM (Office of Production Management), testified on April 21 before the senate committee investigating defense progress. He stated that labor difficulties have involved less than 1% of defense production. Secretary of Labor Perkins was present at the biennial convention of the Textile Workers Union of America which took place on April 23 in New York City. She stated that she had traveled all over the country and has come to know many union members. She expressed her opinion of these workers as follows: "I have never dreamed of more loyal and more enthusiastic and more hopeful human beings than the working people of the U.S., who love their country and will give anything for the maintenance of liberty and freedom.

I don't minimize the disadvantage of even one strike that interrupts the full flow and the full and easy production of the goods which the government needs at this time; but I don't think we should get ourselves excited over surface appearances and not recognize the deep underlying patriotism, good hard work and sensible cooperation with the government program by the working people of this country." If the facts of the case are as stated, and they are, how has the unwarranted impression that strikes constitute a serious threat to the defense program become so widespread? The reasons for this erroneous view can be traced largely to four causes.

In the first place the handling of labor news by the American press leaves much to be desired from the viewpoint of adequacy and fairness. Dr. John F. Cronin, in his excellent article, "Strife and the Worker," in the April issue of the Sign, writes: "From the average newspaper today one cannot obtain a correct picture of the labor scene. In general it portrays the faults of labor and the virtues of capital. It is definitely class conscious, probably not through any overt pressure of advertisers but rather as the result of the superior power of one

group to present its side of the case."

It is impossible for one who reads our New York morning papers regularly with some care to disagree with Dr. Cronin's indictment.

Some time ago Abbé Dimnet stated that a Frenchman could learn more about events in his own country from the American newspapers than he could learn from the French newspapers. The newspapers in the U. S. have shown remarkable enterprise in the past and continue to do so in many ways. They have never been, generally speaking, the champion of the laboring man.

The second cause for the belief that the labor movement is obstructing the defense program is the action of a bloc of congressmen in Washington. The hostility of this group towards organized labor has been marked and persistent in recent weeks. It is not surprising that the casual reader of the daily paper should gain the impression that, when the elected representatives of the people are so disturbed, labor must have lost the support of these men through its own tactics. Actually, however, this is not the case. This group of congressmen would be no more favorably disposed towards organized labor if the workers stood with hat in hand outside management's door begging for some of the crumbs from industry's table of defense profits, instead of employing pressure to force employers to bargain collectively.

In both the senate and house of representatives there is a small group of men who may be justly identified as the foes of labor. They have consistently fought every measure that would benefit the working man and his family, and have just as consistently supported every bill that openly or secretly would rob labor of some of its gains of recent years. This group attacked the National Labor Relations Act and the Wage and Hours Law at every stage of their history. When the supreme court's decision made further attack useless they set out to emasculate the law by means of amendments. Members of this group made up the majority of the committee appointed by the house of representatives to investigate the administration of the National Labor Relations Act. So partisan was the report submitted by the majority that the minority refused to sign it and offered a report of their own. It scarcely needs to be said that anyone acquainted with this state of affairs is not going to be surprised by what this group may say or attempt to do in order to hinder social progress, vet all the agitation for laws to rob labor of its freedom has originated with these men.

The third cause for unfriendliness toward labor is due to superficial thinking joined to an emotional reaction. The argument runs like this: "If a young man who has been drafted must give up his position, a rather good one in some cases, and serve his country for \$21 a month, what right have the workers in defense industries to strike for higher wages and obstruct the defense of their country?" The answer to this question is not difficult. The workers in defense industries are not working directly for the government; they are employed by private employers. These employers have accepted contracts from the government, but the terms of these contracts are the terms the industries wished.

Dr. Cronin, in the article already referred to, writes: "One giant corporation reported net profits of almost \$200 millions, its total wage bill was \$400 millions — several hundred thousand workers receiving only slightly more for their year's labor than a few thousand stockholders for their ownership." No one questions the fact that industry is now cooperating patriotically with the government, but this cooperation is not without its compensation.

Undoubtedly there are numerous industrialists who would give their services as dollar-a-year men if the government requested them to do so. Likewise would the millions of workers be willing to work for just as little as is necessary to maintain themselves and their families (as a matter of fact many of them have worked for less than that over a period of a lifetime) if the government were managing the industries of the country. The point is the industries are not so managed; the

government does not wish to manage them and neither capital nor labor wishes the government to do so. Hence, as long as industry is receiving handsome rewards there is no basis in justice or patriotism for condemning labor for seeking a just share of the profits.

The fourth cause of the present feeling towards labor on the part of many people is due to their failure to realize that industrial questions are complex questions. They require study and more knowledge than a brief glance at the newspapers and a few minutes' listening to a radio commentator afford. There is a tendency on the part of some to blame the workers for every strike that occurs. This is totally unjust, for it presumes that management cannot be at fault. The evidence available warrants no such conclusion.

On March 31 the New York Times published a brief résumé of the report of the senate subcommittee of the committee on education and labor. The report has to do with the "Little Steel" strike in 1937. The conclusion of this intensive investigation was as follows: "Steel production was interrupted in 1937 in the plants of the major independent steel companies because these companies refused to enter into contractual relations with collective-bargaining organizations of their employees."

In this brief treatment no consideration has been given to communism and racketeering in labor unions. Both of these evils exist and merit condemnation wherever they appear. Unjustifiable strikes on the part of unions were not mentioned because this is in no sense a defense of labor or an attack on employer tactics.

It should be stated here that the vast majority of citizens are not likely to study in any detail the labor situation nor does anyone expect them to do so. They must realize, however, that no one of us is free to make the lot of our fellow man more difficult. No man lives to himself alone. We are obligated by the law of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to love and aid our neighbor. Now, public opinion has tremen-

dous although incalculable weight in the matter of industrial relations. Neither capital nor labor can ignore it, and both are aware of this fact.

The average citizen must be careful lest his own prejudices or those of his newspaper or radio commentator influence him unduly in his opinion on labor. Unless he is willing to spend some time and effort in acquiring a knowledge of the pertinent facts in any case, he might better remain silent because he knows the question is more complex than it seems. The realization that his attitude helps make the lot of his fellow man less difficult cannot fail to afford satisfaction.

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#### Flights of Fancy

Kissing don't last; cookery do.— George Meredith.

The parishioners felt they were pursecuted.—Anna McGough.

She was as brown as the smell of roast beef.—Bessie Taylor.

A hen inscribing Arabian footmarks in the dust. — Graham Greene,

With such long legs that he looked like the afternoon shadow of somebody else.—Charles Dickens.

She is a bride idea.—Rochester, N. Y., *Democrat*.

She lied, and felt as transparent as jello.—Ruth Rhea Weaver.

A dowager is a woman who doesn't dance.—George Meredith.

A Japanese birch tree filling her exquisite fingers with the sky.— Alfred Noyes.

She sat down in the nearest chair and tried to look as calm as she didn't feel.—Helen MacInnes.

[Readers are invited to submit figures of speech and other well-turned phrases similar to those above. We will pay upon publication \$1 to the first contributor of each one used. Exact source must be given. Contributions cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

## Blitzkrieg Survivors

By EDWARD O'FLAHERTY

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Condensed from Our Sunday Visitor\*

When the Holy See recently appointed the Most Rev. Joseph T. Mc-Gucken titular bishop of Sanavus, Turkey, to be auxiliary bishop of Los Angeles, one wag facetiously inquired, "How will he do it, commute between the two places?" The question was only slightly less unique than the solution volunteered by a Catholic in the company. He voiced the naive conjecture that "it's probably Vatican diplomacy; you know, trying to promote good will between the U. S. and Turkey."

While it is true that strange things are being done in the realm of diplomacy today, no such reason is to be sought in the Vatican appointment. With more than 30 titular archbishops and bishops in the U. S., titular sees are neither a scheme for giving bishops double duty nor a diplomatic device to promote good will. It is a sadder story than that.

There are titular archbishops and bishops today because of a war. A Blitzkrieg, striking in the name of Allah, swept through the Far East in the 7th and subsequent centuries and left Sanavus and about 900 other dioceses in utter destruction. Mohammed was its Führer. The hordes of Islam struck swiftly. Slashing scimitars an-

nihilated the faithful by the tens of thousands.

Then, even as today, it was "total warfare." The cathedral churches, where the bishops had preached and ministered to their people, were left stark ruins or converted into stables. Like many of their priests and people, the bishops either fled or were martyred.

The survivors headed west and found refuge and hospitality in Europe. Their episcopal consecration, their apostolic power was not invalidated by the loss of their sees. They were shepherds without sheep but shepherds nonetheless, and their bishop-hosts soon found use for these refugees. They were called upon to help with the duties of the episcopacy, to confer Holy Orders and Confirmation. So they became auxiliaries or helpers in the episcopal work.

As long as hope remained that their old sees might be re-won for the Church, Rome named successors to these bishops, ready to return to their own fields, whenever it might become possible. Their dioceses were said to be in partibus infidelium, in the lands of the infidels. However, in 1882, at the request of King George of Greece, that name was ordered discontinued

by Pope Leo XIII. George, himself a Lutheran, represented that his Orthodox Christian subjects were humiliated by the application of this phrase to the ancient sees in Greece. Since Pope Leo's time, therefore, they have been called "titular sees."

When it became evident that those desolated dioceses could not be revived soon, the Church became even more solicitous to consecrate bishops for them; not to have a corps of bishops "always ready," like our marines, but rather to preserve from oblivion the memory of those venerable and once great sees. While the cathedrals and the flocks are no more, at least the proof of their ancient stature is preserved in the perpetuation of the titles, today the sole survivors of an ancient Blitzkrieg.

An elaborate way to keep alive a memory, some might say. Would not books or monuments be simpler than a continuous chain of successors to empty titles?

As early as the 16th century the practical answer was given to that 20th-century, streamlined thought. Cardinal-bishops, said the Lateran Council, needed helpers. It accordingly sanctioned the consecration of titulars for this purpose. Later, for a similar reason, these titles proved eminently practical. In the administration of the central government of the Church, a vast work, titular bishops were appointed to assist the pope. Others were

granted to help with the apostolic labors in large dioceses, or where the local ordinary is unable to discharge all the episcopal duties. So to the traditional title is generally appended the further distinction, auxiliary or coadjutor.

To some outstanding churchmen are given titular sees principally for the sake of prestige and honor. The Most Rev. Joseph M. Corrigan is titular bishop of Bilta, but he is completely occupied with his duties as rector of the Catholic University of America. Similarly, the Most Rev. Ralph Hayes, titular bishop of Jeropolis, is, when peace permits, rector of the North American College in Rome, and the Most Rev. John F. O'Hara, C.S.C., is titular bishop of Milasa and military delegate of the armed forces of the U. S.

That phrase, "when peace permits," suggests the thought that the titular bishops might really become "commuters" if their own dioceses in the East were ever rehabilitated. However, it is not likely that any of those devastated lands will soon become so well established in the faith as to warrant a titular taking actual possession of his see. Meanwhile, the affairs of the Church there are administered by the pope through the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, whose cardinal prefect, because of the vast territory under his jurisdiction, is often referred to as the "red pope."

## Report from Argentina

By SHERRY MANGAN

Reprinted from Fortune\*

The U. S. has itself so far abandoned neutrality and so intimately linked its own nationalism with that of Great Britain that it fails to understand genuine neutrality and nationalism in other nations. Yet it is precisely those things that we must understand about South America if we are not to be self-deceived and thus fall into curious blunders of interpretation.

First of all, the U.S. must realizewhat it cannot seem to do even about France-that the countries of South America think of themselves primarily as sovereign nations, not as subsidiary parts of no matter how noble coalitions, hemispheric or otherwise. This is particularly true of the big ABC: Argentina, Brazil, and Chile. They are largely raw material producers for the big industrial nations, and their wealth, especially their industrial plant (Argentine examples: railroads, meat-dressing frigorificos, etc.), is to a great extent foreign-owned. The backwardness of their economics puts them in the classification of semi-colonial countries. Thus to their naturally strong patriotism and national pride is added a sensitivity and tendency to resent foreign control such as is historically characteristic of colonial peoples. It should be emphasized and remembered that

By cable from Buenos Aires, 7 April '41

this resentment is not racial or national. i, e., that it is not instinctively anti-British or anti-German or anti-Yankee; it is universally anti-foreign and specifically anti-whatever country at any given moment has the greatest mainmise over the national wealth. So that should Thailand gain control of Chiindustry tomorrow, Chileans would become predominantly anti-Siamese, however charming or goodneighborly the Thailanders might be. If this is clearly understood, its corollary becomes equally comprehensible; that if some South American country turns momentarily from England to Germany in economic bargaining, it does not necessarily follow that that nation has suddenly gone pro-Nazi. More likely it indicates that that nation's patriotic nationalists are trying to gain some economic advantage for their own country by playing off one imperialism against another. All imperialisms, including our own, are suspect, not for their nationality, but because they are imperialisms. Realistic South American nationalists see no advantage in escaping from the control of one imperialism only to fall under the control of another.

Straight thinking along these lines leads, or should lead, to the immediate n

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<sup>\*</sup>May, 1941. Copyright, 1941, Time, Inc. Rockefeller Center, New York City.

and permanent dispelling of another thoroughly erroneous notion: that internal fascism automatically means international fascist commitments, or internal democracy international democratic commitments. That Vargas's Brazilian regime is internally fascist is indisputable. But-to clarify by a reductio ad absurdum - it would be preposterous to suppose that Vargas's swings from a pro-Axis to a pro-U. S. policy indicate any change in either his own mental ideology or his internal regime. Nothing will so much clarify North American understanding of South America as a clear and absolute distinction between fascism as fascism. and "fascism" as pro-Axis foreign policv. To make the two things interchangeable, as does much of the U.S. press, is to abandon all precision of thought. Whether we like it or not, the U.S., in winning hegemony over South America, is going to have fascist, semifascist, and dictatorial allies as much as (if not more than) democratic allies; and we must face this or pay the penalties of self-deception.

South America's experienced political observers consciously realize, and its broad popular masses instinctively suspect, that the U. S. must now intervene in every phase of South American life with maximum rapidity. Economic necessity here is identical with and spurs on economic opportunity. Continued war in Europe plus our position vis-à-vis Japan in Asia makes us need

South America at the same time that it gives us the chance to displace therefrom those other powers, especially England, which are now too seriously embroiled elsewhere to give full attention to their defense. Peace in Europe (which is far from excluded in the immediate future) would reopen South America to U. S. rivals. Now is the U. S.'s moment, South America believes. They are confirmed in this opinion by the steady arrival, by Clipper and steamer, of the Rockefeller committee's bright young men, who spring to terra firma with such suddenness of impassioned interest in "your great poet for musician-here a hasty consultation of the notes on the shirt cuff] Pablo Zilchero" that naturally Sudamericanos suspect our returning diplomatic pouches must be bursting with a heavy load of confidential reports on who are "our" men or who could be persuaded to be such. The abruptness of our interest in South America, our concern to protect our little brothers from the wicked men from overseas, has boomeranged into suspicion, comprehensible if unjustified, on the part of our long-kickedaround southern neighbors.

More serious than these bright young men is our not-forgotten previous record under Roosevelt, especially in Cuba. Until the naval bases began to be discussed, Sudamericanos had mostly lost their fear of old-fashioned Harding-Coolidge interventionism - by - marines.

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But they had watched with great bitterness our much more skillful intervention at the time the Cubans elected a president of their own choice. Ramón Grau San Martin, when the U. S., by a deft combination of withholding diplomatic recognition and pressing for collection of loans, overturned this electoral expression of Cuban sovereignty and imposed a policy that ultimately led to the dictatorship of Batista. This little incident may now be forgotten in the U.S.; it is sharply remembered here, as a warning pattern applicable to other good neighbors to the south, should U. S. foreign policy require it.

Because, we must remember, from South America we look like not only "good" but BIG neighbors. A witty acquaintance from a small South American country described it vividly: "My country and your country are good neighbors. I work on my little plot of ground on a sharecropping basis for you, who have a mortgage on my house and rent me my tractor; and you -that is, Squire Roosevelt-he sits on the piazza of his big house next door, with his machine guns tactfully pushed behind the potted palms and he beams across at me, his face shining with benevolence, and he says: 'No more force; we are just good neighbors now. Isn't it nice that we agree about everything!' It is a little funny; but it is certainly better than Coolidge."

U. S. imperialism in the period of

the Spanish-American War and the epoch that followed was at best tentative and halting, unplanned in its policy, wasteful and clumsy in its methods, while its profits-though enormouswere limited and irregular. Now, with the world being redivided on a truly grandiose scale, by continents and hemispheres, the real period of American imperialism finally opens. This time it will be the real thing: as supercolossal as Hollywood, as blitzlike and thorough as any Hitlerian Krieg. This time the U.S. means business, and no nonsense permitted. And South America, let me assure you, knows it well. It is expecting U.S. intervention-and quick. Its expectations may be roughly summarized as follows: "Cooperate or go under."

Those governments that will play ball with the U.S. can expect aid and comfort of divers sorts, as we are now witnessing. This aid at first can even be altruistic, and more to the advantage of that country than to the U. S., in order to bring it firmly within the American orbit. Afterward, we may be expected to collect. But those who will not play ball can expect intervention of divers degrees of sharpness. No electoral sovereignty or internal democracy can be permitted if it happens not to be pro-U. S. Uncooperative governments will find credits called and refused, markets closed, their internal economies thrown into crisis, their political rivals publicly smiled on, and

perhaps privately subsidized. Marines are a dated method, très vieux jeu. Much neater are internal "democratic" revolutions, turning the rascals out and replacing them by upstanding statesmen who, quite incidentally, are pro-U. S. There is one catch, as we found in the Philippines and Nicaragua: the attitude of the people of the country concerned. But we are past the period of crassness: imperialism is now streamlined, as Hitler has demonstrated, especially in Austria. Well-subsidized fifth columns, demagogic propaganda, generously promised and immediately forthcoming temporary economic assistance, can form a pseudo-national tendency often of sufficient strength to remove the nationalists from power. We Norteamericanos have so far not shown ourselves very dexterous in this sort of thing, but objective circumstances produce talents, and we shall certainly learn to lead the world in this technique as in so many others.

But if this is not sufficient, what further form of intervention do Sudamericanos envisage? This brings us to the sorest subject in South America today: the bases.

Within the U. S. our government's propaganda about its South American policy stresses powerfully and skillfully the notion that we must prepare the military defense of this entire hemisphere against an attack by a possibly victorious Hitler in Europe. Hence bases, hence a lot of things. This all-

out campaign is itself oddly Hitlerian in methods, since it counts for success on repetition and the arousing of fear rather than argumentation, and thus makes no attempt to explain either (a) how Hitler, who cannot apparently get across the English Channel, is going to traverse the somewhat wider South Atlantic, or (b) how he is going to turn a ruined, internally divided, unpacified, and war-weary Europe into an enthusiastic and smoothly functioning war machine for a distant foreign campaign of conquest. The reality concealed by this dust in the eyes is of course that what we really fear is Hitler's economic, not military, penetration of South America: that, in the event of the same Hitler victory, Hitler could give us cards and spades in the South American market and still beat us-provided the South American market remains an open one. The answer is obvious: the South American market must be closed: it must become an exclusive U. S. trade area.

From all the foregoing, therefore, you can well imagine the popular guffaw with which the ordinary Argentine receives the news that he is to be "protected" against Hitler by the U. S.'s establishing bases in his own or neighboring territory. That slogan may do within the U. S.; here it is a joke in the worst of taste because the Argentino says: "The U. S. will protect us against Hitler over the sea; but who then, pray, is going to protect us

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against the Yankee on the doorstep?" Rightly or wrongly, he sees the bases as aimed, not against Germany, but against Argentina. Because he knows (it is his daily reading) that Argentine economy is not complementary to, but largely competitive with, U. S. economy, that whereas the economies of some South American countries can be combined with that of the U. S. to the profit of both, any permanent fusion of Argentine and U. S. economies could only be to the disadvantage of the weaker.

Opposition to the bases among the Argentine people is universal and unanimous. Most significant proof is that no political leader, even one who is pro-U.S., has dared to come out openly in favor of them. It would be political suicide under democratic procedure, and the fact largely underlies the recent political crisis in Argentina wherein, by electoral fraud and provincial intervention, the government has been gradually freeing itself from any democratic control as a way of readying itself for any necessary abrupt turns in its international policy. Across the Plata estuary they have had before their eyes an obvious object lesson. President Baldomir of Uruguay, who publicly supported the bases, is fighting for his political life.

That the Argentines' objection to bases is not a mere matter of sentiment against ceding national territory but a genuine fear of American attack is illustrated by the fact that they object just as much to a base in Uruguay as in Argentina itself. The Uruguayan coast controls the estuary of the Rio de la Plata.

In the face of this popular attitude, the subject, until the government can silence all popular sentiment, is political dynamite. Yet the realistic Argentines are perfectly sure that if in Washington Dr. Raúl U. Prebitsch obtained both present credits and promises of more, the Argentine government must in return have made commitments about the bases. But the fact cannot be publicly admitted.

The government is on a spot. They look across the Andes to Chile and see the communist party triple its representation in the Chamber in the March elections, not because it is communist (which it most certainly is not) but because it was the most frankly opposed to further U.S. economic and military penetration. For the moment the Chilean Socialist party, which is notoriously the stooge of U.S. interests, holds the parliamentary balance of power; but popular sentiment remains no less disquieting. On the other hand the government knows that the U. S. means business; but does not dare admit it to the people. But the people know it anyway: they saw the Quincy and the Wichita come roaring down to Montevideo when internal political activity in Uruguay got hot; they subsequently saw the Uruguayan

Cabinet agree to U. S. naval bases. With Britain visibly weakening, the Argentine governing groups, heretofore the transmission belt of British interests, begin to find themselves unwillingly in the awkward position of an executor who must soon decide to which of the rival claimants, the U. S. heir or the German heir, he will turn over the British inheritance. Or whether he will keep it for himself.

The second World War, offering an opportunity for Argentina to liberate its economy from foreign control, poses the problem with maximum sharpness and gives an enormous impetus to nationalism. Once again there is an upsurge, a broad popular sentiment, seeking leadership. This was, in essence, the historic origin of such disparate organizations as Acción Argentina and Alianza de Juventud Nacionalista, But the embassies were not caught napping. Acción Argentina had won scores of thousands of young Argentines with strong nationalist liberation slogans. In no time the British Embassy and all its allies among those Argentine leaders who are primarily dependent for their prosperity on continuation of British economic hegemony "took the movement over" and converted it into a mere stooge cheering section for Great Britain. Its disappointed membership is dissolving like smoke. The German Embassy equally promptly got behind the Alianza de Juventud Nacionalista, whose anti-imperialist slogans are even

more extreme than those of Acción Argentina, but whose real purpose is to subordinate Argentine nationalism to Nazi ideology. Thus the upsurge of nationalism was canalized into pseudo nationalism, the very term becoming slightly discredited, and all remains for the moment as before. But the slogans of "neutrality" and "national liberation" still bring wild cheers from audiences.

If far greater progress is made by German than by British propaganda among the Argentine people, it is not because the Germans are merely more Machiavellian, but because, as relative have-nots in Argentine economy, they can make their appeal on sounder bases, i. e., to Argentine labor and to Argentine nationalism. The melancholy fact is that about the best labor news in Argentina is to be found in the Nazi rag El Pampero; and that paper's support of strikers in Britishcontrolled industries is a marvel of demagogy. While such British organs as La Critica simply talk vaguely of democracy and sweetness and light, El Pampero talks of the Islas Malvinas which Britain stole from the Republic and renamed Falkland Islands, and publishes devastating documented studies of British monopolies in Argentine transport and industry.

Thus there is an increasingly dangerous tendency for nationalists in the real sense of the word to become "nationalists" in the Franco sense of the word. As opposed to this tendency, British propaganda is unspecific and ineffective; U. S. propaganda, it must be painfully admitted, is either non-existent or ridiculous.

The majority of Argentine ruling groups, if faced with the absolute choice in the case of an English collapse, will lean to the side of the U. S.—not because of but in spite of our efforts to win them. It is even reliably rumored that so powerful a figure as the behind-the-scenes ruler of Argentina, ex-President Agustin P. Justo, though as personally reactionary as any Junker and an opportunist to boot, has shrewdly decided that since the U. S. can get there "fustest with the mostest" it is advisable to play ball with us.

Nevertheless, an increasingly large group, some—paradoxical though it may seem—for genuinely patriotic reasons, will attempt to use German economic help to retain the British heritage for Argentina. And they will receive a surprisingly large amount of popular support. To date, the U. S. has made no kind of effective propagandistic counterattack. With a carelessness in which advanced Argentines are quick to sense contempt, the U. S. is simply

translating into Spanish the kind of "Pan-American" talk that proves to go down well in the U. S.

Perhaps the following significant anecdote will best reveal how far our present mentality is from the Argentine. An intelligent Argentine of strong patriotic sentiments sought out this correspondent a few weeks ago with a copy of a U. S. newspaper, and irritably pointed out two items. One item. written in a fine Sax Rohmer style, warned of a terrible danger to South American independence, hissed that Germany was sending technicians and "cultural" missions and trade missions and "observers" in increasing numbers to various South American countries. The other item announced that "hemisphere solidarity" was being much forwarded by the fact that the U.S. was sending technicians and cultural missions and trade missions and observers in increasing numbers to various South American countries.

The Argentine looked at me with a wry smile. "Have you people entirely lost your sense of humor," he asked, "or can't you do anything except hypocritically? Or do you, as I suspect, believe we are just complete fools?"

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Among the Betsileos of Madagascar a woman's funeral procession, before reaching the cemetery, goes back to her home for an hour under the rather naive idea that women always forget something when leaving home.

The Ave Maria (June 14, '41).

## Nun's Diary

By SISTER MARY FRANCIS

Condensed from Scribner's Magazine\*

Last night I stayed awake a long, long time, listening to the mocking birds singing in the flowery locust trees and watching the moonlight on the river. It is going to be hard to give these things up. I suppose there are mocking birds down at the convent. The cloister doesn't keep them out, but there certainly is no river, and I won't have Jerry to point quail coveys, nor Dixie to ride. And most of all, I won't have Dad.

Dad took me to the train. He was the only one that did. I could have cried my heart out when he told me good-bye, and then added, "Remember, if you ever need a friend, I'll be waiting." How I'll miss him, God only knows, and God knows, too, that if it were not for God, for my desire to do something worth while in His service, I would not be here.

My room is on the girls' side of the house at present. Tomorrow, I think I'll be moved to the nuns' side. One of the Sisters took me over today, to see what in all probability will be my "cell," or, I should say, "our cell." It's going to be killingly funny to train my tongue to call everything "our." The only thing I am supposed to call my very own are my sins.

Moved. Now I'm sure enough on

the nuns' side. Mother says we will take the cape tomorrow at 11. Flossie met me in the green hall and told me that in honor of our four years of friendship she was going to have a farewell party for us in her room after night prayers tonight. Since it's my last night as a schoolgirl I'm going to slip over from "our cell" and attend. And then, beginning with 11 o'clock tomorrow, I'm going to be good forevermore.

We had the grandest "spread" last night. But, oh, misery! Right in the middle of it who should come walking in but one of the French Sisters. The French certainly lack a sense of humor. Even Flossie's chocolate creams couldn't soften her and nothing would do except a solemn avowal that I had disgraced the entire Order.

"Nevair was there such a postulant."

I tried in vain to explain that I would not be a postulant until the next morning. Once I thought I had her pacified, but at that critical moment Flossie dropped the chocolates all over the floor.

In spite of last night's fiasco and the dire threats of the French Sister, all three of us took the cape this morning. I nearly made a mess of it though when we were shown our places in

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the "stalls." And the cause of it was Sister Jane. Her name, full and entire, is Sister Jane Frances de Chantal, and she is just as tall and thin as her name is long. Evidently she was not a convent girl as the rest of us were, for she hadn't an idea of how to get into her stall. Instead of raising the seat and kneeling decorously as we did, she climbed into it, and when I looked across she was pathetically clinging to the tall back. I was dving to giggle, but, remembering last night's episode, I coughed instead. And so well did I do it that the Sister Infirmarian came to me a few moments later and insisted that I take a dose of cough syrup. By the time I got back some kind nun had rescued the unfortunate, so that ended my bronchial attack.

Now that I'm a postulant, the days simply race along. We get up at five every morning and go to bed at nine every night, and not once during the entire day do we have time for anything. It is a pretty gay life keeping up with all the prayers we have to say and doing all the sweeping, mopping and window washing there is to be done in a giant house like this. School will soon open. Wonder how it will be then?

Today I was mopping the green hall when the doorbell rang and Ellen came in to register. I snatched off my black apron and tucked the mop behind a radiator. It would simply have killed my soul if that girl had caught me at

housework. As it was she walked by with a high and haughty greeting that made me feel she was infinitely cool in her pink-and-green crêpe de chine and I was alternately boiling and frying in my black outfit and white lawn veil. I suppose I ought to be practicing some of the humility I hear so much about at conferences and sermons, but the dear Lord knows that Ellen and I never did get along the entire three years we were in school together.

This morning I got so hot and tired mopping the chapel that I nearly died. The longer I mopped, the madder I became. I was not angry, I was plain and unadorned and ungrammatically "mad." The old mop bumped and thumped about, and then when I was at my hottest I saw a little Sister who was praying as she worked. I should have been glad to witness such virtue, but I was not. I kept thinking of home, and Jerry, and Dixie. And I knew that if I were there I'd be out for a ride with some of the crowd, instead of sweltering in the house with a mop. A mop. Something surged up within me and I decided I was through. Somebody else could mop that floor. I would not. I headed for the porch and with all the power of my tennismuscled arm I flung that hateful old mop as far as I could. It fell in Sister Martha's canna bed. Then I went to Mother Superior. She was alone in her office, and welcomed me cordially.

"It's a great honor for me to be allowed to mop the chapel floor, isn't it?" I burst out, forgetting all suavity of greeting.

She gave me a keen glance. "Sit down," she replied gently, "and cool off." I did, at the same time blurting out my tale about the chapel. Mother listened patiently. Then when she spoke, it was of other things, but finally she led the conversation back to the mop and the chapel.

"Yes, my dear child," she said, "it is a great honor to be allowed to do anything in God's house." She went on and on talking of the immense good that can be accomplished for others, etc., etc., until I felt as important as a caterpillar and very contrite. At last she finished, and I left to sneak out and find my mop.

"Whoops and still more!" Last night I nearly got sent home. Sister Jane had the hiccoughs dreadfully. I stood it as long as I could and then, thinking to do an act of charity, I slipped down to her "cell" and jumped at her through the curtain that surrounds her bed. I did not know she was standing so near, and before I knew what had happened I had a whole handful of shrieking postulant in my grasp. Of course I fled back to my own corner and, seizing my toothbrush, began frantically to polish all the enamel off my teeth in the vain effort to divert the attention of the aroused Mistress of Postulants. Although I splashed enough to

give a fairly commendable demonstration of a blowing whale, it was no good. Mother was dreadfully provoked at first, but when her nerves quieted, I managed to persuade her that my act was not as absurd as it sounded on first hearing.

Today is as cold as blizzards. Some one told me that gasoline would polish up my outfit a bit, so I got permission to ask the yard man for some. All the time I was working I could smell fresh bread baking in the oven. Suddenly it seemed to me that I was dying of hunger, though ordinarily I do not care a pin for bread. Although postulants are supposed to be like the Sisters, and not eat between meals, I thought I'd take a chance and see if Mother would not have a heart. So I left my cleaning processes in a rather complicated state and ventured out in quest of hot bread. Sister said she would be glad to part with a loaf if Mother said so, and I went in search of her. She was on the stairway when I broached the matter. She gave me one look, so quizzical, so filled with amusement that I was almost on the point of asking for the butter, too, when "What is the house coming to when we accept such subjects as you," greeted me. Did I wilt?

And now Christmas is here. The postulants had a tree in our study room, but I did not get much more than a melancholy pleasure out of it, for I kept thinking of Dad and home.

Some one put a toy horse on the tree for me. It was meant as a joke, but I was so blue that it proved the straw that broke the camel's back and I sneaked off to cry. That doesn't mean that I'm sorry I undertook to become a nun. It is just another way of saying that I had the most wonderful Dad and home that a girl ever had.

It will not be long now until our six months' trial will be over and we will be starting for the novitiate. I wonder and wonder what that will be like. They say we will have to give up our little personal belongings when we go over there. I have been trying to discover exactly which ones I shall miss. My conclusion is that at present I possess only three things that it will hurt to part with: a picture that I have had for many a year, my books, and my mother's gold watch. It is the watch that I hate to give up the most, for it was her dying gift to me. I'll send it home to Dad though. He will love it as much as I do.

And now what! The Sisters are going to have visitors all the way from Rome. Feature it! They are going to be here in time for our great day, the day we take the novice's habit. It will be my first glimpse of a Mother General.

Talk about blunders! I myself could not have done worse. The Mother General is here, and the delegation sent to meet her at the station missed her absolutely and "teetotally." I had

just gathered all the various and sundry bits of dirt that the green hall possessed into a neat little pile and was preparing to take it up when the doorbell rang and I looked up to see two nuns waiting. Instantly it dawned on me that something or some one had blundered. Behold in person the Mother General. With a quick little switch of my apron I scattered the dust. It would never do to have the head of the Order plodding through such a mess. And then I let them in and flew for the superior. Never have I seen such hurried assembling of nuns, veils flying, and excited searching for ceremonial books. Soon someone with a head intoned the Magnificat and everything straightened out.

I'm so busy preparing for the novitiate that I haven't time for anything. The novitiate is going to be "different," but how? It is going to work a great change in me, but what? First of all, I'm sure I'll have to be more dignified. And I suppose I'll have to learn to pray and pray hard. I do not like long prayers. I wish I did. It seems that all nuns ought to like them, but I don't. I want to do good for others; I want to be a good nun, for that is what I firmly believe God asks of me. But it is hard to have to spend long, long hours in prayer. Anyhow, if I do not like it, at least I will get used to it.

We took the habit yesterday and I was led up to the altar by the Mother

Assistant General. Everything was beautiful and inspirational. My old Mistress, Mother Paul, sang the vocation hymn. It was excellently done. Her voice always has thrilled me. Father preached a nice friendly sermon all about "the Lord having chosen us, and not us the Lord." That, in my case at least, is certainly true.

The novitiate is certainly going to be hard for me. Today I must have looked as melancholy as Job, for as I stood waiting at a bookcase for my turn to get a volume, a little French Sister slid over near me and asked: "How do you like the novitiate?"

I managed a frozen smile and replied: "Oh, I'll live."

"You will leave!" She repeated the words slowly while an unbelievable horror crept over her face.

I nodded, just thinking it was the foreign way of mispronouncing everything.

Before I realized what was happening, she had thrown her arms about my neck and was pleading with me to stay, to try it just a bit longer. The dramatics of it all left me feeling unspeakably foolish. To keep from feeling too much like a clown, I pretended to let myself be persuaded and, finally, ended the farce by promising to remain a novice for a time longer.

Mother called me today and forbade me to write any more "poems" unless I had her express command to do so. I am all upset about it. The only real

relaxation I have found in the novitiate has been in the thought that "my mind to me a kingdom is." I think if Mother could really understand how hard things are for me, she would regard that little poetic flair of mine in a different light. She would surely understand that when others are taking recreation with a sewing basket on their knees and joking about it, I am simply undergoing a minor form of martyrdom. It is only when I manage a few moments alone with a pencil and a piece of paper that I find any vent at all for the cyclonic emotions whirling and twisting within me. Mother is old though, and I don't suppose age will ever have a heart of understanding for youth. So, goodbve, little old rhyme book of minel Good-bye until happier days!

In retreat now! It is the first big one I ever made. The three days we used to spend in prayer and meditation as girls will be nothing to the ten days we must put in now. Not to talk for ten whole days. That sounds formidable, but perhaps the peace and silence will be inspirational. Certainly it will give us ample time to check over our spiritual life and find out what may be "wanting to make it perfect." I have an idea my spiritual edifice needs a whole new foundation. It certainly is going to be a daring thing to attempt the erection of a religious "skyscraper," such as we Sisters are supposed to do, on the flimsy foundation

stones of "do as you please," hardheaded self-will, and downright unbelief that composed my entire life until two years ago. The priest is a fine speaker. For the first time in my life I have found myself praying for a "hot hell" and "black death" meditation.

Two days later. We got "hell" all right, and death, too. They were fierce. And each came at night. The Father was dramatist enough to realize that setting lends to realism. I was nervous; plain scared would really suit the case better. In spite of my pride, I now realize that it is possible to terrify me into being a Christian, some kind of a Christian, but what a wretched existence it would be. I am sure that I could observe the ten commandments through fear. For how long, though? That is the question. In my heart I would always be the potential traitor. I think I will go down and talk to the Father.

After all my fine resolutions about speaking to the priest, I had a most dreadful time getting there. Up and down the steps I walked about "steen" times. On the downward trek, fully determined to go bravely in. Followed by a moment of panicky indecision at the bottom, when a thousand reasons urged me to return to my study and let the interview go until "tomorrow." At last came the thought, "Good is best when quickest wrought." I squared my shoulders, took a long breath, held it; then rapped on the door. A cheery

"Come in" was the greeting I received.

The door swung open and there was Father, smiling kindly. Not a bit like a sulphurous and brimstony person. It took but a minute to tell him my trouble. He listened in silence, nodding now and then to show that he understood. Then he said: "Let's see that Rule."

So together we went through the entire Rule of my Order. Into the dead "don'ts" that fill its pages he injected a more vital understanding of life. He gave a more human, a broader interpretation of the "Thou shalt nots" than our Mistress had done. In a word, the whole thing simmered down to that famous utterance of St. Augustine, "Love God and do as you please."

When I left his room, Father arose and shook hands with me. He had a nice friendly way about him. He made me forget that he was a priest and I a Sister; that he was a man, I a woman. His was a comradely air that conveyed the impression that his interest was an unsexed, apostolic desire to help any fellow soul that might cross his path—no matter who, when or where.

Good Friday. Last night I watched in the chapel from 12 until morning. That is the best time for me. I like to serve my Master when there are few to do it. Self-love may have quite a share in that desire, for I find it woefully hard to bring myself to do some little thing, sweeping, for instance. Books were used only once in a while

to keep my sleepy head from nodding. Apart from that, it was a queerly spent time for me, for *I prayed;* actually talked things over with God as with a friend. The sweetness of those hours is with me still.

Today at meditation I got a new and better insight into myself. The point considered was that part of the life of our Lord when He retired to the mountains when the Jews wanted to make Him king. In studying His conduct under praise and adulation I compared it with mine under similar circumstances; suddenly, as though a curtain had been torn back that I might see clearly, I knew that my worst fault was pride. The thought came to me with overwhelming lucidity. I was astonished beyond words at the discovery, for hitherto I had considered worldliness my predominant failing. And all this time I have been working and pecking at my poor old soul, trying to rid it of faults it needn't have been worried with, while all unknown to me, its real weakness was increasing every day. Now I can see that my every act is stiff with pride. My spirit is starchy with it. I can be bent, but awkwardly and with much inward cracking. But as a starched garment is completely softened when dipped in water, so my soul will be if I but plunge it into the sea of God's love.

Another retreat, and it is drawing near to the taking of my vows. The Reverend Father, a long thin man from the Emerald Isle, is a good preacher, but his sermons get on my nerves. In spite of myself I think I must show my feelings, for last night Mother Paul did a remarkable thing. She broke the grand silence to speak to me. We had a real heart-to-heart chat and it helped a lot. I like to picture Christ as that kind of Master, broadminded, not afraid to break a rule for a greater charity. Certainly He must have done that for His weak disciples many times.

Lord, tender God of mercy, help me. How can I be a nun? The time is drawing near, frighteningly near, for my profession—the taking of those solemn vows that will consecrate me to Thy service forever-and, I am terrified. I cannot go on and yet I dare not look back. My nerves are taut with the strain, my spirit low, my heart breaking. I may hide it from others, but I cannot hide it from myself. I do not want to be a religious. I want palpitating, throbbing, adventurous life. I want to sail the seas, climb snowy mountains, look on vast desert scenes. And there is nothing to keep me from it. Nothing, except a conviction that if I give up and go back, I will be showing disloyalty to my divine Friend, neglecting His interests that I may play.

This morning during meditation (feast of our Lady of Sorrows) I obtained a strange and powerful grace. I firmly believe it was an inspiration, so strongly did it affect me. The old wildness was on me. I wanted to go, go, go, and never see a convent chapel again, and I had just about decided to speak to the superior after the service and tell her of my decision to leave. Suddenly a thought struck me: where would I be, where would the world be, if our Lord had said, "It is hard to stay here on the cross. I will come down and enjoy life a while."

God forbid that I should do the cowardly thing I contemplated. I will go on.

We are in retreat now, in preparation for the taking of the vows. How slowly the time passes. The priest who is giving it is an old, old man, but his eve is sharp and his sermons simple and Christlike. After a short visit to the chapel, today, where I placed the act I was about to do in the safekeeping of heaven, I wrote my final vows. The first time was not satisfactory, for Mother Superior suggested that I do it over again, making the writing smaller. The second time it was acceptable. During the time of writing my mind was filled with solemn thoughts. I would pronounce those vows, God willing, on the morrow and then they would be laid away in some safe cabinet until another day-how far distant, how near, I know not-but that day my earthly existence would have drawn to a close. I would be before my Maker with those vows and accounting for the way in which I had kept them. Please, God, there shall be

no taint on them when I present them.

And now I am a nun. The fight is over and deep peace has come. It came only with the actual pronouncement of the vows. Before that, even during the beautiful ceremonial: the impressive moments under the pall, the black veil, the crown of flowers, the ringdear ring, sign of fidelity-I was unmoved. But with the words, "I vow to Thee poverty, chastity and obedience," it was as though a curtain was ripped away from before my intellect. For a brief instant I gazed down the vista of years and sensed the beauty and good behind the sacrifice. The joyousness of having done right seized me. A new courage surged through my being, and I arose from my knees, no longer a timid, grudging giver, but a buoyant, happy nun, determined at all costs to meet the world with a smiling face, doubly determined to use as my spiritual compass the following resolutions which I had carefully formulated in order to keep the American in me from becoming hopelessly entangled in misleading ideas of sanctity:

- To act in all matters with courage as becomes a follower of Christ.
- 2. To decide promptly and definitely on a question of right or wrong; to choose the former and then to "go ahead."
- To keep my eyes steadfastly on the Master and to act toward my fellow man as seems right and good under His regard.

# Front-line Bishop

By BISHOP RICHARD J. CUSHING

Chinese Patrick

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Condensed from the Missionary Union of the Clergy Bulletin\*

He left Holy Rosary parish in Brooklyn, N. Y., to go to China in 1912. There he worked under the direction of the French Vincentians in Chekiang. Came 1914, and Father Edwin J. Galvin saw many missionary priests recalled by their governments to engage in the first World War.

Father Galvin returned to the States and then went to his native Ireland seeking volunteers. His first appeal in Ireland was made at Maynooth College, the national seminary. The result surpassed his highest hopes. Professors resigned their chairs to join him, young priests attending the Dunboyne Establishment gave up their scholarships, students in every year of philosophy and theology signified their willingness to complete their studies and be ordained for missionary work in China. The Irish bishops saw in this wonderful mission movement the will of God and instructed Father Galvin to ask the Holy Father for permission to found a new missionary society. The permission was granted and in 1917 the Foreign Mission Society of St. Columban was born.

Father Galvin opened a seminary at Dalgan Park, County Galway. It was fully staffed by the professors who joined him and was immediately crowded with students. By 1919 he had established his American seminary in Nebraska and a year later was ready to begin actual missionary work.

The pope entrusted Father Galvin with mission territory in the province of Hupeh. To arrive there he and his priests disembarked at Shanghai and boarded a river boat which took them 600 miles up the Yangtze river. There at the juncture of the Han river with the Yangtze, they came to the pagan city of Han Yang where Father Galvin established his headquarters. The district given him contained 7,000 square miles with a population of 5 million.

During the first years it was discouraging work. The priests had to learn a difficult language and adapt themselves to strange customs. They had to accustom themselves to living in squalid Chinese villages, with no sanitary arrangements, and to learn by experience how to avoid malaria, dysentery and the other diseases so prevalent. Hardest of all, the people refused to listen to their message.

The Holy Father raised Father Galvin to the episcopacy on Nov. 6, 1926. The apostolic delegate said, "We have just consecrated a bishop in the midst of war." The communists had won control of the province, and they kept that control from 1927 until 1931.

Bishop Galvin's priests remained in hiding by day and carried on their duties at night. They had refused to seek protection from foreign governments. Twelve of them fell into captivity. Two were put to death by communists. Bishop Galvin went secretly from mission to mission to see how his priests fared; when one of them was taken captive he trailed his captors until release was secured.

When the communists were driven out of the province in 1931, Bishop Galvin set about the work of reconstruction. Before much was done the Han and Yangtze valleys were visited with the most devastating flood in history. Hundreds of thousands of refugees, forced to leave their homes, flocked to the higher lands in the vicinity of Han Yang City.

The year 1931-32 saw 100,000 people perish in the vicinity of Han Yang. Mission work seemed out of the question. Bishop Galvin called the priests and Sisters together. They came by boats, entering the headquarters through an upstairs window. The bishop then outlined their work. All of them, himself included, would go among the refugees and do all in their power to help them. Throughout that trying winter and spring they started out each morning at break of day with baskets on their arms and moved about as angels of mercy. The people learned about Christian charity and grew to

respect and then to love these foreigners who so tirelessly ministered to them. Their charity won recognition from the Chinese officials and soon Bishop Galvin was put in charge of all refugee work.

When the first crop after the flood had been harvested, the thoughts of the people went back to Bishop Galvin and the priests and Sisters who had been so kind to them. With no consultation or agreement between the different districts, delegations arrived almost daily in Han Yang. The bishop was asked to send priests to tell them of the Christian religion. They even offered to support those sent to them. The movement spread and Bishop Galvin and the priests opened schools and catechumenates to take care of the instruction of those seeking to enter the Church. Soon 20,000 gave evidence that they had burned their idols and now wished to be instructed and baptized. It was common to hear those under instruction say, "Why, this is a wonderful doctrine; why have we not heard this before?" Once they were convinced that there was a personal God, who had revealed how He wished to be worshiped, nothing else mattered.

In 1934 Archbishop Zanin, the newly appointed apostolic delegate, came to visit Han Yang. After his tour of inspection he said, "I came across the Han to visit a bishop. I found the bishop, but no cathedral; he and his priests were living in a home unfit for

human habitation. But I also found well-established catechumenates over-flowing with thousands preparing to enter the Church, and a record of more baptisms in this newly established diocese than in all the rest of the province put together."

When the late Holy Father, Pius XI, heard the report of Archbishop Zanin, he expressed a desire to meet the man who was accomplishing so much. The Holy Father embraced him and with tears in his eyes, said, "You are a truly great missionary bishop." With these words of praise from the Vicar of Christ ringing in his ears, Bishop Galvin left Rome to return to Ireland to visit his mother.

Having nearly lost her sight, the mother had asked one of her daughters to write Bishop Galvin; she wished to rest her eyes upon him once more before she became totally blind. The bishop replied that he could not leave his priests and people as long as they were threatened by communists.

In 1931 he was informed that his mother was growing very feeble and that if he wished to see her alive he must return soon. As he was preparing to depart, the devastating floods came, and again he refused to leave his post of duty, saying, "The Lord will take care of my mother until I can return to her."

In 1932, with life once again normal in Han Yang, he prepared to leave for Ireland. But then that remarkable wave of conversions started, and Bishop Galvin said, "We have sown in tears all these years, now I must remain to help reap the harvest."

It was not until 1935, when called to Rome by the Vicar of Christ, that he had the opportunity of seeing his mother. He had been told that she had become blind in 1931. But when the bishop entered her room God restored her sight. And then for nearly a month the mother listened to her son tell of all the work being accomplished for souls by the Society of St. Columban. After this happy month she died; he sang her funeral Mass, and then set his face once more towards China.

There he is today, out in the front lines. Just before Christmas I had a letter from one of his Sisters in Han Yang. In it she says, "Well, the bishop has gone to the missions and you know what that means. We see him build himself up with good wholesome food during the summer and in the fall start off for the missions up country. Until next Pentecost Sunday he will keep constantly on the move, walking hundreds of miles, living in filthy huts, eating anything, and then some time after Pentecost we will see him dragging himself into Han Yang, a living skeleton. Then we will see him build himself up once again, only to see him setting off for the missions next fall. And that is the way he will continue to the end. He has asked God to let him die in harness."

# Looking for Antichrist

By P. REDMOND BUCKLEY

Relativity speaking

Condensed from the Cross\*

Few verses in the Scriptures have had so many diverse interpretations as that in St. John's Apocalypse, which refers to the number of the "Beast," a mysterious name given to Antichrist. It is the 18th and last verse of the 13th chapter and reads: "Here is wisdom. He that hath understanding, let him count the number of the beast. For it is the number of a man: and the number of him is 666." In a not very helpful note to this difficult verse, the Douay Version explains: "The numeral letters of his name shall make up this number."

The text was a standing challenge both to Biblical interpreters and to numerologists. The vast majority of commentators now regard the number as a mystic symbol, designating some man who will be a chief agent to Satan towards the end of the world. He will seduce many from the Christian faith, but will himself be destroyed by Christ. The Catholic Encyclopaedic Dictionary says that "Catholic exegesis does not allow that Antichrist be regarded as a mere symbol or embodiment of the anti-Christian spirit, but insists on the reality of his personality." The same authority states: "He will be an individual human personality, marked by utter lawlessness, self-deification, hatred of Christian truth, and rivalry with Christ through mock miracles." As to who he may be we are left in utter ignorance. But the attempts at pseudo identification have been innumerable.

Early commentators on the Apocalypse took the number 666 and started to juggle with it. They tried the Greek alphabet for its numeral equivalent but found little help in that direction. Then they tried the Hebrew alphabet with somewhat better success. Some of them triumphantly solved the puzzle with the name Nero Caesar, since its letters in Hebrew amounted to the required total 666. But the centuries flowed on and at last it became apparent that, although Nero had many qualifications for the vacant position, his name was not the right answer. Some people thought that Mohammed was Antichrist, since he died in the year 666 A. D. But alas, the correct date of Mohammed's death was either 630 or 632, so that answer was wrong too.

Then came the Reformation, and Calvin tried to attribute the mark of the Beast to Pope Boniface III. His only foundation was prejudice, but many sectarians in later years, by all kinds of curious dexterities, tried to show to their own satisfaction that it fitted the papacy in general. Thus, for

example, did Edward Elliott in his Horae Apocalypticae. Then racial prejudices and hatreds began to take a hand in the game, and the next candidate for the position was Napoleon. Needless to say this solution was very popular in England at the time of the Napoleonic wars. Today, of course, he has been ousted in England in favor of Hitler, and all other solutions must be cast upon the scrap heap.

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But we fear that the solution is not quite so simple as all that. Take, for example, a little-known passage from the sermon by John Henry Cardinal Newman, in which with delightful humor and a sarcastic relish, he confounds those who say that Rome is the Beast by proving that the mysterious number really denotes Queen Victoria! The incident is quoted by Paxton Hood, an English Protestant writer, in his book, *The Vocation of the Preacher*. Newman speaks as follows:

"Gentlemen, can it surprise you to be told after such an exposition of the blasphemies of England that, astonishing to say, Queen Victoria is distinctly pointed out in the Book of Revelation as having the number of the Beast? You will recollect that that number is 666. Now she came to the throne in the year '37, at which date she was 18 years old; multiply then 37 by 18 and you have the very number, 666, which is the mystic emblem of the lawless king."

Lord Macaulay was once on a visit

to India when a complete stranger accosted him with the startling question: "Pray, Mr. Macaulay, do you not think that Bonaparte was the Beast?" Macaulay quite naturally replied, "No, sir; I cannot say that I do." The man retorted, "Sir, he was the Beast; I can prove it, I have found the number 666 in his name. Why, sir, if he was not the Beast, who was?" Macaulay confessed that he found this rather a puzzle, and was not a little conceited about his instant retort, "Sir, the House of Commons is the Beast. For there are 658 members in the House; and these with their chief officers, the five clerks, the sergeant and his deputy, and the librarian, make 666!"

In a witty article in the Weekly Review some time ago, M. V. Hay explained in some detail how the various conclusions were arrived at. These keys all have one feature in common; the ingenious solvers know the answer they wish to get and arrange their ciphers accordingly. Behold, the key fits, the puzzle is solved!

National enmities or pride often lead to new codes and new solutions. The French, passing up the name of Napoleon, proposed an answer more in keeping with national emotion. The mystical number 101 was required for this solution—although it is not so easy to explain just why it is mystical. However, it sounds good and produces an interesting result. Add 101 to the ordinary numerical values of the alpha-

bet so that A = 102, B = 103, etc., and the villain of the piece is found to be no less a hero than William of Orange, of pious and immortal memory, Battle of the Boyne, Dolly's Brae, etc. You don't believe it? Well, try it for yourself:

O R A N G E 116 119 102 115 108 106 And the total is 666, Marvelous!

Perhaps someone will object that the equation of A to 102 is too arbitrary. Very well then. Mr. M. V. Hay obligingly produces a new solution from a mathematical friend of his. Let A = 100, a nice, round figure, a mystical number and all the rest of it. Continue the sequence of values, as before: 101, 102, etc. Transcribe now a well-known name, and hey, presto look what we have. Let's try it:

H I T L E R 107 108 119 111 104 117

And the total is again 666. Marvelous! If someone else objects that 100 is too high a number to start with, our obliging mathematical friend is very accommodating and proceeds to yet another solution. This time we'll start with 10. Let A = 10, B = 11 and so on. Got that much right? We then find to our surprise that the result is

more mysterious than ever, for 666 turns out to be not one man but three—and would you believe it, the three are no others than our old friends Winston Churchill, M. Eden and Hore-Belisha! The M of course stands for Monsieur Eden; it would appear that this solution is of French origin.

So we thank Mr. Hay for his splendid entertainment-readers will note that we have most unblushingly borrowed some of his ingenious solutions -and we end on a more solemn note. Don't be so foolish, so credulous or so superstitious as to be misled by specious interpretations, no matter how plausible they may seem, A warning is given in similar terms by the Catholic Encyclopaedic Dictionary in this connection: "Jewish and Christian literature has by guess and inference enlarged on the scriptural portrait, sometimes with plausibility, sometimes with extravagance, the Jews, of course, only thinking of some great foe of Israel before the coming of the Messianic kingdom."

The question is not for our solution, for St. John's preliminary warning is worded plainly enough, "He that hath understanding, let *him* count the number of the beast."

War is a process of acquiring new land for surplus populations who are slain in the war.

The Brooklyn Tablet (7 June '41).

## Old Nuns

Door about to open

By CAROLINE GAYE

Condensed from the Father Mathew Record\*

Old nuns are serene and patient. They have so little strength you wonder how their bodies possess the gigantic patience that is in them. It is invincible. All the onslaughts of weariness beating against it are as impotent as moths who dash themselves against a lighted window pane. But I think Father Hugh E. Blunt does wrong to treat longevity and illness as if they were synonymous, especially in nuns! He writes:

Sister Adelaide, eighty-four,
Palsied, able to walk no more;
Sister Peter, whose eyes are blind,
Dying, but does not seem to mind;
Sister Sylvia, simple now,
But manages to pray somehow;
Sister Joseph and Sister John,
So runs the litany, on and on;
Nuns with crutches; and nuns with
canes.

Nuns bent over with aches and pains;

Nuns on prie-dieus and nuns on chairs,

Never again to go downstairs. . . . My recollections of old nuns are very different. I still remember one whose cheeks were "furrowed by the chariot wheels of time," and whose duty it was to see that the children's beds were neatly made and their clothes and cup-

boards tidy. My sisters and I shared a room apart from the dormitories, and it meant that to reach it little Mother K. had to come down all the stairs from the dormitories and to go up three flights again. My sisters were, for the most part, tidy little girls. I was not. At the short 10:30 recreation. Mother K. would come looking for me, and would trudge up the stairs beside me to show me how a bed should be made, and how a lady's cupboard should be ordered. This had happened several times before it occurred to my heedless young mind that the journey up and down stairs did not come as easily to Mother K's 80 odd years as it came to my 12. When it did I said to her, "I am ashamed, ma mère, that you should have to come upstairs with me again. Will you stay down here while I tidy the cupboard myself?"

"Mais non!" she replied. "I must see it is in order. You should know, my child, that it is much easier for me to make tidy your room myself than to come looking for you to show you the manner of doing it." There was nothing of the invalid about Mother K.

Some time ago I went to meet a Mother Superior, nearer 90 than 80, who had sat up all night on a train journey. I asked her if she were tired, and she laughed, a tinkling merry laugh. "I am never tired," she answered. "And if I were, it would be of no importance. I am old and I am of no value." Her brisk, French voice rapped out each word. There was no slightest sign of fatigue in it.

She was Mother Superior at the convent of her Order in Tokio during the great Japanese earthquake of 1922, and she must have been about 70 then. The convent was a huge stone building, and at the first terrific shock its foundations crumbled to pieces, so that it was obvious in less than a second that the house would be razed almost before the nuns could make their escape. (The children, fortunately, were away for their holidays.) Reverend Mother went straight to the chapel, removed the Blessed Sacrament, and, followed by her nuns, carried It in procession to a comparatively safe part of the garden. The last nun was barely outside the door when the house crashed behind her.

It has been my experience that old nuns (despite Father Blunt's touching verses) are remarkably healthy and sound. If they do not die of illness when they are young, then they usually go down to their graves in a full, ripe age.

But, sick or well, they have all that same quality of joyous patience, a quality which does not come to them out of the blue, but which is the result of having spent their lives in choosing what was hard rather than what was easy. It is, too, their well-earned rest after dreary warfare. It is the secure knowledge of victory and the calm, respectful waiting for their final reward.

All the same I wonder, sometimes, if the old nuns who look on with such shrewd, wise eyes don't sometimes chafe under the weight of years which, they must think, has crushed the usefulness out of them. They realize, naturally, that they have parted with a certain buoyancy and elasticity of body, and even of spirit, of which they were not conscious at the time, but which they now realize they must have possessed, and with which they think now they might have accomplished such wonderful things for God. There is, probably, a little holy and humble envy in their admiration as they watch the strong-limbed young nuns at their arduous tasks. They don't know (how should they?) that the young nuns' limbs are strengthened and their arms held up high by the prayers of the old nuns who are waiting to die.

I was at a convent this afternoon (not exactly seeking inspiration, but hoping to find it) and I said to a nun, not yet old, "If you had an editor and he told you to do an article about old nuns, what would you write?"

She hesitated for a moment; then she said, "I would write that there is an amazing likeness between the nuns ist

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and little children. It is as if the children, new from God, had something of heaven still clinging to them; and as if the old nuns who stand with their hands on the doorknob of heaven were flooded with light from a crack in the door. We are all too prone to

think that the culmination of virtue lies in obeying our Lord's command to take up our cross and follow Him, whereas, in point of fact, the climax is not reached until, having taken up the cross and followed Him, we become as little children."

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### The Church Is Catholic

Even to social snobs

Condensed from the Light of the East\*

The Church of Christ has always rejoiced at being called Catholic. Almost from the beginning this has been the name which has distinguished her, the ancient Church, from the sects that had broken away from her fold. "Christian is my name," exclaimed St. Pacian [d. 390], "but Catholic is my surname." St. Cyril of Jerusalem [d. 386] and, after him, St. Augustine [d. 430] note that, if a stranger comes to a city and asks for the Catholic place of worship, it is no heretical temple that is pointed out to him but the church of "the old faith." And this has remained true down to the present.

As used by the Christian Fathers and the Catholic theologians, the term Catholic is so pregnant with significance that it is difficult to render it with one word, or even one sentence. Three sayings of St. Paul may however be taken fairly to express the fullness of its content: 1. "For there is no distinction of the Jew and the Greek: for the same is Lord over all, rich unto all that call upon Him" (Rom. X. 12); 2. "To the Greeks and to the barbarians, to the wise and to the unwise, I am a debtor" (Rom. I. 14); 3. "What therefore you worship, without knowing It, That I preach to you" (Acts, XVII. 23).

Each one of these three Pauline sayings gives evidence of one aspect of the Church's catholicity, or universality. This then is the first characteristic of the Church as catholic: she is accessible to all, and to all as they are, "sin alone excepted," demanding of none that he renounce his nationality, race or culture, but rather that he preserve all these according again to St. Paul's words: "Let every man abide in the same calling in which he was called" (I Cor. VII. 20).

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This first aspect of the Church's catholicity may seem to be entirely negative; the second, on the contrary, is entirely positive. The Church is anxious to win everyone. She owes everyone the redemption which the Son of God won when He became Man in order to save all men, the obligation which He handed over to the Church when He commissioned her first authorized teachers to convert and baptize all nations. In virtue of this catholicism the Church is essentially a missionary body, at home and abroad, demanding of even her lay children (through what is now called Catholic Action) that they constantly think not only of their own but of the whole world's conversion.

The third aspect is also positive. It consists in the ability, which the Church claims as her own, to welcome into her doctrinal and religious synthesis every fragment of truth, every striving after goodness, every ray of beauty that is to be found anywhere in the world, and this not only without any sacrifice of her own principles but also without any mutilation of the new elements to be assimilated. Here again St. Paul showed her the way. 1. In theory: "For the rest, brethren, all that is true, all that is seemly, all that is just, all that is pure, all that is lovable, all that is winning-whatever is virtuous or praiseworthy-let such things fill your thought" (Phil. IV. 8).

2. In practice: "What therefore you

worship without knowing It, That I preach to you" (Acts, XVII. 23). Had not Christ Himself said that He came not to destroy but to fulfill (Matt. V. 17)?

By itself, the Church's catholicity has nothing to do with numbers. It is not an attribute which men confer on her by joining her fold in crowds: it is at once an attribute and a mission conferred on her by Christ, the attribute and mission of being "all things to all men."

It is plain, however, that, if the Church preserves that attribute and is loval to that mission, her devotion is not likely to go without reward. As she zealously moves forward through lands and ages, she is bound to find out "that God is not a respecter of persons, but in every nation, he that feareth Him, and worketh justice, is acceptable to Him" (Acts, X. 34-35). Slowly then and patiently she will gather in her fold "devout men, out of every nation under heaven" (Acts, II. 5) and will truly regard this "catholicity" of her children (their multiformity, and not merely or mainly their number) as at once a token to herself and an evidence to the world at large that she does possess indeed the catholicity which is her own, by Christ's will and grace.

Christianity was never meant to be a machine that would automatically convert the world. It was meant to be a ceaseless effort to give every man a st

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chance to know, appreciate and freely embrace its saving doctrines.

Conversion, according to the Gospels themselves, depends on three factors, only two of which are, as we may say, in Christ's or the Church's giving. The Church, as Christ before her, will preach the Gospel and, relying on God's goodness and promises, guarantee to souls of good will the grace to receive and practice it. But good will itself is the convert's own contribution to his conversion.

We doubt whether even its critics would wish Christianity to be otherwise, either a kind of Naziism that would recklessly enforce its teachings and ways on a reluctant world, or a kind of spiritual storm (not unlike certain Protestant "revivals") that would carry men off their feet (and perhaps off their mind) and land them almost unaware into the kingdom of God. Quite different at any rate was Christ's conduct and injunction. His dearest wish was indeed to save all. He was the Good Shepherd ready to sacrifice His life for His flock. He left behind the 99 sheep to seek out the one that was lost.

Even Christ, and the Church after Him, has to reckon with the fact that the Father in His wisdom has made man free and has left it to the decision of this freedom whether man will or will not avail himself of the means of salvation placed at his disposal. Conversion depends on the free responsiveness of men. "If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments . . . If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast" (Matt. XIX. 17, 21). No one knew better than Christ what obstacles "the lust of concupiscence, the lust of the eye and the pride of life," can raise between us and God so as to bar all divine influence.

Then, too, the decision of one human free will can affect the decision of another, or the decision of a few free wills can settle the decisions of many. The law of human solidarity, wisely willed by God, that men should be born and bred and educated in dependence on each other, has been often insisted upon. But that solidarity manifests itself as clearly in matters of the spirit as in more material ones. We have only to open our history books to learn how often the religious destiny of a nation has depended (as far, at least, as human eyes can see) on the good or ill will of its leaders. Christ knew this law, too. He prophesied that often the little ones would be scandalized by the great. He reproached the Pharisees for not only shutting the kingdom of heaven against men, by not entering themselves, but by preventing others from entering.

Jesus knew how political or religious leaders might retard the progress of His Gospel. He knew that to all these leaders the Gospel was not likely to appeal. They would oppose rather than support it. For, as He foretold, it would not be the clever or the rich or the self-righteous who would be anxious to follow Him. It would be the unlearned, the poor and the sinner.

This is worth insisting upon. Christians have to bear the taunt that their converts have been mostly recruited from the poor and so-called uneducated and depressed classes. Will these taunters never realize that what they utter as an insult is really praise?

We are reproached, too, for our forbearance with sinners, so contrary, it seems, to our professed hatred of sin. We hear the murmur, "We cast them out and you welcome them in." But once more how should we dare to call ourselves disciples of Christ, if we forgot that He came "not to call the just, but sinners."

And so one might go on dealing with all the various objections that are formulated against Christianity, such objections demonstrating that Christianity has failed. Christianity has indeed failed to fulfill the task which its opponents assign to it. But the question is whether it has failed to fulfill the task which Christ appointed to it. That question is for us Christians the only one that matters, and we have only to open our Gospels to answer humbly but gratefully. It has not so failed. For the Church still goes on preaching the Gospel to all the nations. It still makes no distinction between Iew and Gentile. It still manifests to all its anxiety to absorb all men's noblest thoughts and highest aspirations. It still deserves its name Catholic.

4

#### Courtesy

I came to Minneapolis having made no reservation, merely with the phone number and location of the Eucharistic Congress. As I got off the train a lady and gentleman met me with these greetings, "Have you a place to go, Father? If you care to come with us—we are Methodists and would like to do our little bit."

They were a Methodist minister and his wife, two lovely people. On the way to their car we met a Lutheran minister and his wife who, assuming my friends were also visitors to the Eucharistic Congress, asked the three of us if we had accommodations.

I have never heard of such hospitality, I hadn't known such tolerance existed, and I will never forget it.

Father J. J. Ryan of San Diego, Calif., in the Minneapolis Star Journal (30 June '41).

# English Countryside

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By MARIGOLD HUNT

Condensed from the Catholic Woman's World\*

Where live bombs are known chiefly as things that are occasionally heard at night and turn out next day to have been disappointingly far off, and, of course, as topics of conversation. Everybody has been to see a bomb crater in the woods, or a cottage that was damaged by a bomber hastily unloading on his way home, and everybody tells the latest story of the latest bomb: "My dear, Elsie had gone to bed with two aspirins and hot lemonade, because she had such an awful cold, and she never woke up till the ceiling fell on her. The extraordinary thing is that her cold was perfectly all right in the morning." "Jane has been bombed! I had a letter from her this morning, and she says it was too dreadful-none of the lights would go on, and she had to come downstairs in the dark and part of them weren't there, but she says the monkeys in the garage were quite all right, just rather excited. No, I had no idea they kept monkeys in the garage; I should have thought it would have been bad for the car," and so on.

Of course, there are tragic stories, too, sometimes from people in the cities that have been hard hit. But the bombs that drop in the country seem to have an extraordinary way of falling where they hurt no one, and don't even do any damage. As one old lady said of the German bombers, "You can't blame those poor boys. It's them as sends them. They have to go back and say they've done something; they're so strict with them: daren't take anything home, they must say they've done something."

But the war has made less difference than you would think possible to ordinary English country life. There are no balls (thank heaven) and much less motoring, not many people out hunting (I mean fox hunting) and less shooting. But the garden must still be dealt with, the dogs taken for walks, the birds fed, books changed at the library when enough needs accumulate to make the trip into our little town worth while.

There was Mass at four o'clock in the afternoon of Christmas Eve, with the church full, as it always is now, of children evacuated to the country. Most of the children sent here seem to be Catholic, and proper little tykes they are, or were when they arrived. But if you come from a Liverpool slum and have never seen plums except in a shop, how are you to know that it is stealing to pick them? One good thing the war has done is to

bring children out of the slums to the country and, incidentally, to show the rest of England how bad those slums are, and to arouse a great determination to make them better. But it seems a pity it took Hitler to wake us up. As I was saying, when the children interrupted me, an afternoon Mass is something to remember. I felt like a shepherd, and would have sung carols if I could have.

Then there was the day when a neighbor of ours brought two Polish R. A. F. officers to call on us. She had kindly had them as guests during their leave and I think was thoroughly puzzled to know what to do with them. One spoke a little French, so my stepmother, who speaks a whole lot of French, took him on, and their hostess and I concentrated on the other, who spoke a little English. He was a short, smiling little man; indeed, both of them made up in grins what they lacked in language. What there was of conversation turned to shooting, via the shortage of game this year.

"Do you shoot?" said their hostess, wondering almost visibly what the Polish equivalent of pheasants and partridges might be.

"Yes!" said the little Pole eagerly. "Oh. What do you shoot?"

"Germans!"

"Oh, I see. I meant birds and rabbits and things."

When he got it, he said, "Yes," he used to do that kind of shooting too,

and made us understand without actually getting up and leaping around the room or waggling his ears that it was mostly hares he shot in peacetime.

"But," said he, "I like best to shoot Germans. It is very good sport."

Afterward we heard that both these cheerful lads had flown their planes to France to carry on the fight from there when Poland crashed, and when France collapsed had flown to England to join the air force. Both of them had been without word of their families since they left Poland, and they are not likely to hear anything before the war ends.

But I suppose the really outstanding event was the German bomber that came down in a wood near here. At least most of it landed in the wood. but bits were reported from all over the place. Quite a large piece landed on the roof of a house belonging to a cousin of mine, thus sending up her stock with the neighbors, not to mention her two boys at school. Of the crew, two were killed and two came safely down by parachute, suffering from only a few cuts and strains. The girl who works in the post office was on her way to do so next morning, bicycling along in the gray dawn, when a German popped up from behind a hedge, waved his arms in the air and shouted, "Kamerad! Mercy!" The girl's bicycle shied violently, but she straightened it out, and then, not having been introduced, waited for no

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further conversation, but pedaled off in the direction of her post office. On the outskirts of the little town where she works, she found a crowd, gaping at something on the ground, which they told her was "a dead German."

"Well," said she loftily, "I wouldn't waste time looking at a dead German if I were you. If you just go up the road a little way, you will see a live one."

There turned out to be two, and a dreadful fright they were in. The

Home Guard, enchanted to have something to do, turned out to collect them, and found one flat on his back in a turnip field and the other hiding behind the hedge, waving a piece of white parachute over it. Both of them shouted, "Kamerad! Mercy!" something terrible and had to be taken to the doctor (our doctor) to be patched up and consoled. So we heard all about it, and by the fuss I have made of the incident, you can judge how peaceful our lives are as a rule.

4

### Deportment Department

Open season for weddings is still on. Most pastors would prefer to have you throw rice, not confetti—if something must be thrown. And throw it outside the church. Then the birds will pick it up—at any rate, it won't be you who does the sweeping.

It's bad behavior for one to stand up and recite the pledge of the Legion of Decency at Mass in the morning and then take in a condemned picture in the evening. Why not patronize the devotions at church instead?

Visit your sick neighbor. Yes, yes, you're busy. But you squeeze out time for window shopping, wardrobe buying, cards, clubs, beauty parlors. If worst comes to worst, take your fingernail vermillion along and apply it as you chat.

If you keep company with a Catholic you won't find yourself involved in a mixed marriage. But should it happen that you are marrying a trustworthy non-Catholic, see to it that the officiating priest is notified well in advance. He has to see the bishop for your dispensation, you know.

Remember, as you grudgingly drop into the collection basket the few loose pennies left over from Saturday night's debauch, the Church has as much right as the state (and the bartender) to your support. Your Church donation is no more an alms than the taxes you pay your government.

By all means, get to Mass while you are on vacation. But just because five or six or seven of you were all in the same auto, you don't all have to pile into the same pew. Plenty of room up front.

[Readers are invited to report instances of bad (or good) deportment.-Ed.]

## Convert

By HALLIE M. BUTLER

Condensed from the Grail®

My mother died on the verge of becoming a Christian Scientist when I was scarcely three years old. My father, a good man, taught me to recite Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep, although I have never seen him enter the Baptist church, in which he received his religious instruction. My stepmother is a Methodist, that is, she sent my sister and me to Sunday school for a while, but she, too, has long since ceased to practice actively any religion.

I went through high school in the typically modern fashion. For religion I substituted socials and swims and the good-looking boys I met at the Epworth Institute. After graduation I registered at the University of California, and I was totally unprepared for what I met there. California prides itself on being the most liberal university in the West; atheism and materialism are taught openly as the most natural thing in the world; communism is the accepted political philosophy; immorality, while frowned upon as vulgar, is commonplace.

In search of some defense, I went to Epworth League meetings a number of times. I was urged to join the church quite often, but soon growing weary of the good leaguers' attempts to "convert me," I decided to withdraw from Good dancer, good listener

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church activities altogether and for good.

"Dances are sinful," they droned. "Playing cards is gambling and therefore a sin. Smoking is a sin; Christ never smoked. Vulgarity is a grievous sin; did Christ use vulgarity?" Good heavens, must a person do nothing but go to church? But why are these things sins? What is wrong about them? What is sin? I was unable to get a satisfactory answer. Once I asked an outstanding girl leader why dancing was considered sinful. I told her I liked to dance. She replied it was not so much the dancing, the actual moving of the feet, which is wrong, but rather the occasions that always (how she emphasized that!) accompany dancing.

"The way I look at it, dear," she patronized, "is that I try to be prepared at all times for the coming of the Lord. And I am sure none of us would feel comfortable if He were to appear to us when we were dancing to the strains of a swing band." At that point I walked away. I usually look my best when I go dancing. Why should I fear God's coming then; it is a legitimate pastime, isn't it? Besides I could think of many things even my righteous friend does without considering them sinful, which I would less prefer

to have our Lord find me doing. Things like washing my teeth, sleeping with my hair up in wire curlers, cold-creaming my face to remove make-up. My objections were scoffed at, not explained. The emphasis on externals, the hypocrisy, disgusted me. I kept on dancing.

I met my first Catholic in the house in which I staved while attending U. of C. Once while cramming for final examinations, she advised that prayer could really work miracles: that you did not have to pray just for big things, but that God is happy to have you put your trust in Him even for such things as "finals." I tried to pray but couldn't. The only prayer I knew was Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep, and somehow that didn't seem to fit the occasion. I questioned my friend but she evaded a direct answer. However, when she suggested that I go to Mass with her, I did so. It was a beautiful ceremony, but did not impress me. I read a pamphlet she purchased for me after Mass, but it was so far beyond me, so incomprehensible, I easily forgot it. But that girl's faith in prayer, even though she herself was not a very good girl, remained with me.

Nevertheless, I was fast assuming the typical modern attitude of negligence, so often mistaken for broadmindedness. I was becoming hardened to things that went on at school, which were looked upon askance even by the unreligious. I still believed in a God of

some sort, but my idea of Him was a distorted concept of mercy and goodness; I tried not to remember He is also all-just. I was having some "fun"; I liked the quasi-sophisticated attitude of my acquaintances; I liked the independence and frivolity. But with it all, I was never extremely happy, never very exhilarated. I did not know where my life was leading me. Sometimes I wondered what caused the growing emptiness that was coming over me, and at those times I suspected it was a vague yearning for something spiritual.

During vacations I visited at home briefly and then hastened to the home of a friend; the small-town life my parents enjoyed bored me. However, in the summer of 1938 I returned home for a short stay prior to accepting a position in Southern California. I was offered a good-paying job, which I took while awaiting a call for the other one. I knew I'd have no fun, but Dad's peach crop was not so good, and every dollar counted.

Fortunately, one of the Catholic boys in the office took me out several times. He was from San Francisco, and, incidentally, was quite entertaining. Catholics had interested me since my first meeting with one of them, but the two Catholic boys in the office (they were close friends) intrigued me. I found I was again and again examining them, the things they said and did, waiting for the "dreadful" Catholic

influence to assert itself in some way.

"What makes these boys different?" I asked myself. Both had good personalities, but many non-Catholic boys have winning ways. They were clean, inside and out—but so are dozens of others boys. They respected girls; this was unusual in boys I had met. They were not prudes: both enjoyed dancing, smoked continuously, preferred Scotch and soda. Wherein did they differ from other boys?

One night Jack and I were quite casually discussing communism and its possible results. I think he secretly considered me a "fellow traveler."

"I don't admire their methods, although the theory behind them may be all right," I ventured, not knowing a great deal about it.

Jack came back quickly: "How can people distinguish right from wrong when they don't believe in God?"

This remark astounded me. I think it was the first time I had ever heard a young man speak like that. All of the boys at school assiduously avoided such remarks, or refused to think about the importance of the existence of God. Jack's statement seemed to be a sensible, profound answer to the many problems that had been invading my mind. I had thought of all possible answers but the most vital one. God was the answer!

One night after a dance, I asked Jack to tell me about the Catholic Church, to tell me why he thought it different from all others. He wasn't a bit timid about it. He obtained admissions from me as to a belief in God and proceeded from there. He explained by analogy the mystery of the Trinity; went on to the birth of Christ, the founding of a Church by Him; how Christ's own Church is the Catholic Church; how only the invincibly ignorant can be saved by remaining outside the Church of Rome. We argued, of course, but I was a willing student. I wanted to be convinced.

The utter simplicity of its complexities worried me. I considered myself intelligent but certainly not inspired. And the ease with which I comprehended worried me. I felt sure that Christ, a loving God, would want to come to us. Jack said He does come. in Holy Communion. He wants us to come to Him, to pray to Him, to receive Him. This Church spoke with authority. Its doctrines were compelling, definite. They were not "willynilly." They commanded, yet appealed to me. I resolved then to investigate other churches, to select the one I found to be most correct.

One noontime, after returning to the university, I was looking up a history reference, and stumbled upon a chapter about the preservation of culture, during the so-called Dark Ages, by the Church. I became so absorbed I continued reading until dinnertime. With this new interest in the Church's history, I began to read all I could find,

not only of the Church's history, but about her practice and doctrine as well. I read treatises on the mysteries, book after book of apologetics, biographies of the saints, stories of conversions, such as Lunn's Now I See and Stoddard's Rebuilding a Lost Faith, and especially the New Testament. I learned to pray, to talk with God, but with the knowledge came fear of what my parents would say.

I tried to tell them on a number of occasions but they would have none of it: thus I continued the reading that I knew must inevitably lead me to the Church. Finally, determined at last to seek instruction. I asked lack for assistance. He introduced me to Father Joseph Burns, C.S.P., a young and fervent priest who surprised me by refusing my first request for Baptism. "You must be sure," he said. "The step you wish to take is the most important of your life." He encouraged me, allayed my fears about my parents' reactions, prayed for me. It was he who weeded out those few clinging biases, and the glorification of frivolity that remained with me.

After some 15 weeks of instruction, I felt I knew my adopted religion rather well, yet something was lacking. I yearned to be a Catholic but something inexplicable, some uncanny barrier restrained me. Although I did not know it, grace was lacking. I asked Father Burns and he pointed out that mine was not an unusual state of

mind; I had to wait until God, in His good time, gave me the free gift of grace.

He told me to pray even harder. I stormed heaven, morning, at night, while at work. And then one day, on the train returning from a dismal week end at home, an indescribable joy filled me. Of a sudden, like the snap of your finger, I knew I had to be a Catholic! Parents, school, jobs, friends, good times were as nothing. I had to be a Catholic! There, on the train, I began my unending thanksgiving.

I tried to explain to my parents. They would not listen. On the advice of Father Burns, I waited for months, supporting myself meanwhile. Trying to, I should say. The only job I could find paid but a starvation salary. Jack's family and other kind friends helped me financially; Christ, evidently testing me, helped me spiritually. And then, at last, according to my parents' desire, I decided to leave school and support myself—and to be baptized. Since I was to be a Catholic they wished to be freed of the duty of supporting me.

Shortly afterward I was baptized. I was happier than I ever thought possible. I cried with joy. That happiness has been with me ever since, and the consolation I receive from Mass and the sacraments has helped me bear up under my parents' disfavor. I pray for them always, and for all other non-Catholics, too.

# The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin

By WILLIAM J. McGARRY, S.J.

"We in her are beating Godward"

Condensed from America\*

The bulk of men must wait for the end of the world and the wonderful accompaniments of that event, the last judgment and the resurrection. But our Lady is an exception to this law. The feast of the Assumption of Mary is our Lady's Easter; it is her ascension as well, for on this day she was raised from the grave, assumed into heaven, and there enthroned as Oueen of angels and of men. In the Oriental Churches the feast is called the Dormition of Our Lady; for though she died, her short stay in death was as a sleep. We celebrate this feast on Lady Day - to recover a fine old name for Mary's midsummer festival on Aug. 15. This day is also the last judgment day of Mary, the day on which she received her complete reward in body and soul, when the redemption of Christ was wrought finally and completely in all its details of unutterable beauty.

How immeasurably more beautiful is the redemption of Christ wrought in her than it can be in any other person! Her beginning on this earth was immaculate; the touch of sin never marred her nature, neither the fault of Adam, nor actual fault of her own. Her final ranking corresponds to this pure sinlessness and sets her next to God, above even the host of the angels.

The assumption of our Lady is not a defined article of our faith. It is not proposed for our assent with the terrible anathema sit (let him be anathema). But if it were defined, this is the approximate way the proposition would read: "If anyone deny that the reunited body and soul of the blessed Virgin Mary, the Mother of God, has been assumed into Heaven, let him be anathema." Such a proposition would include the fact that our Lady diedand this has been held always against the suggestion that she was translated to heaven without dying; and it would assert her resurrection and ascension.

Such a formula would also express what has actually been believed in the Church for centuries concerning our Lady. It has not been proposed for the explicit assent of faith, but it has been explicitly believed; and he would be condemned as rash, suspected in the matter of faith, and theologically in error who would deny this doctrine even now, though officially he could not be branded a heretic. For, while not defined as an article, the proposition is of the sort called definable, that is, it is so certainly and clearly implied in revelation that it may be proposed as an article of faith.

There are two reasons for such

formulations of articles of faith: heretical error occasions the necessity of proclaiming the faith in articles; thus the attack on the Bible by the Reformers occasioned the definition of the list of books which belong to the Bible; or the pressure of the devotion of the faithful occasions a definition, such as the definition of the immaculate conception of our Lady in 1854. Should the assumption of our Lady be defined in our day, it will be the devotion of the whole Church for its Queen which will have occasioned the pope or council to proclaim the doctrine infallibly as part of our defined faith.

Indeed, all of us wish, for Mary's honor, that our ancient faith in her be officially and infallibly declared. We would like to see in our own day, if I may put it thus, the completion of our consistent faith about our Lady. For the definition of the doctrine of the assumption will help to complete the tale begun at the immaculate conception. Redemption was so tremendously plenary in her beginning as a citizen of this earth that we wish it declared plenarily concerning her last farewell.

In the theology concerning the Mother of God (Marian theology, it is sometimes called), there is a dynamic principle which has been effective during all the centuries of the Church's existence. It is summed up in the phrase, "About our Lady you cannot go too far." It means that in writing,

preaching and teaching about Mary of Nazareth your description of her privileges will fall far short of their magnitude; it means that your hyperboles will be understatements; it means that no matter how flowery your rhetoric, your terrestrial wreaths uponher brow or at her statue will be only a small hint of the immense reality of her dignities.

Fundamentally, the axiom is based upon the very plain statement that for the adorning of God's own Mother the treasury of divine gifts was searched and exhausted in a way not comparable with any donation to any angel or man, except to the sacred humanity of the Son of God.

Heretics, of course, have discovered what they think is a confusion between the worship due God alone and the honors poured on Mary. They invented the term, *Mariolatry*, on the model of the abominable thing and word, *idolatry*, to describe what they call our exaggerations. But at no time in the long history of the love of the faithful for the Mother of God has there ever been the least danger that the devotion paid to her would threaten to encroach upon the worship due to God.

The shortsighted have stated that the devotion to Mary is but a Christian substitute for the old pagan worship of Greek goddesses. Mary of Nazareth has never become a goddess in Catholic thought; it would be an insult to this most holy creature to assign to her some of the attributes which the pagans gave to Diana or a hundred other ugly female divinities.

Doctrine and devotion have marched forward together in the articles of the faith which concern the Mother of God. The tragic element in the history of devotion to Mary is not the few exuberances of Catholics in their love of the Madonna; it is the fatal loss which the Protestant world brought upon itself so completely (and is regaining lately only in atomic proportions) when it excluded the Mother of God from the theology and Gospel of the Son of God.

Let us endeavor to reconstruct for ourselves the glorious death of the blessed Virgin. She is a woman of some 55 or 60 years. She is in strong health for that age, because it is a commonplace in the writings of the Church that, as in the case of her Son, the ravage of disease (a consequence of Adam's sin) made no headway in her. She has been living with St. John since the time when the dying Christ committed her to the care of the Beloved Disciple. Her days are filled principally with her hours of contemplation; she is in prayerful union of

love with her divine Son until death.

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It fell to St. John to discover that the Virgin had died. His was the privileged task of laying the most pure body in the grave. Undoubtedly, as the apostle followed in the march to the tomb he was thinking of the sepulture which had taken place in the dark hours of the Friday of our redemption. Probably he wondered if now, too, the unexpected would happen on the third day. It was probably St. John who did discover some time after our Lady's burial that her grave was empty. John had been the first of the apostles who had believed that Christ was risen. I doubt not that he, too, was the first who believed that the body of the Mother of Christ was assumed into heaven, and that our age-old tradition and faith about the assumption of the Virgin derives from his testimony.

These are historical reconstructions, not witnessed to in detail, not provable in documents, but not unlikely, and not affecting, if incorrect, the central and substantial faith in the Virgin's assumption. They link in with history as we know it, and are sufficiently sound to commingle with our thanksgivings and petitions at the Mass of the Assumption.

When, some years ago, women gained the right to vote, Cardinal Gibbons, who did not fancy it, always holding that woman's rightful office was "queen of the household," said, "Once you were man's superior, now you are only his equal."

Ephpheta (May '41).

## Precious Jade

By ALFRED PIMPLE, O.F.M.

Condensed from Franciscans in China\*

Stone to immortality

Throughout Chinese history, jade was looked upon as the most precious of gems; it was considered to be an almost divine material, and thus it was only fitting that the emperor, the Son of Heaven, should possess emblems of sovereign power made from this much valued stone. Royalty was buried with objects of jade, in the belief that through them the corruption of the body might be arrested.

lade amulets were also worn to protect and preserve the living body. Probably the most interesting among these was the tongue amulet. In its simplest form it was carved in the exact shape of the human tongue; but in more delicate carvings it took the form of the cicada with folded wings; for the cicada at rest has an outline resembling that of the human tongue. The ideology behind the tongue or cicada amulet was that the dead will awaken to a new life, just as the chirping cicada arises from the pupa buried in the ground. The simple observation of this wonderful process in nature formed the basis for that emblem of resurrection. In preparation for burial, pieces of jade were used to close up the apertures of the body. For the eyes the Chinese chose to carve a jade fish, which is an emblem of watchfulness.

The Chinese empire produced among its famous men not only poets and painters but also jade carvers. Jade was held in highest honor at least 1,000 years before the Christian era. Carved into impressive and charming shapes, it is as popular today as it was at the time of Confucius. At first sight these simple carvings that have come down to us appear meaningless; the plain objects that were found in tombs do not seem to have much in the way of esthetic qualities. But even though these ancient pieces found in tombs appear meaningless to us now, they show that jade was known to the Chinese long ago. Even in the dim ages 3,000 years past, when the privileged position of keeper of the jewels for the emperor first came into existence, certain men were designated and honored as carvers of jade. According to Chinese mythology the spirits live on jade just as the gods of Olympus were supposed to live on nectar and ambrosia. A Chou emperor actually ate jade powder in water.

The classic age of jade carving was the 1,000 years between the Han and Sung periods, during which time the best specimens of the art were produced. During the Han era, however, the native supply of jade began to fail,

<sup>\*</sup>Catholic Mission, Wuchang, Hupeh, China, and 501 Febr Ave., Louisville, Ky. June, 1941.

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except for chance discoveries now and then in the boulders of river beds.

The term jade color has by this time become so widespread that most people immediately visualize green when the word jade is spoken. Actually, jade is almost any color from white to black! It can be white, black, yellow, brown, red, and many shades of green, including the "green of the feathers of the kingfisher's wing," as one writer expresses it. In one piece there may be a combination of all or of any of these various colors.

The Chinese love jade not only because of its appealing colors, but also because it is always cool to the touch; they are in the habit of carrying a piece upon their person, partly for good luck, and partly because it is so pleasant to touch. They say that the tactile sensation in handling jade can be as exquisite as any other sensation, and they like to develop this "feel" for jade.

Much loose writing has found its way into print regarding the hardness of jade. Although it is unquestionably hard, it does not take a lifetime to carve a single object, as some have asserted. Others have claimed that the sharpest steel instrument will not produce a scratch upon it, and that like the diamond it must be worked with its own dust; but most of these sayings are exaggerations. Five years is about the limit that it has ever taken one man to carve a small, exquisite masterpiece. Like other semi-precious stones,

jade is carved by means of sawing, drilling and grinding. The native carver has a crude foot-treadle instrument. His tools must be continually fed with a paste compounded of water and fine sand.

With regard to shape and design, the Chinese genius is shown at its best in jade carving, and rivals that of the the greatest lapidaries of all ages. One example of a clever jade carving is a black cicada resting on a white leaf, the carver having taken advantage of a single rough piece of natural black and white jade. Usually the object carved in jade is quite ornamental and symbolic. For instance, a certain jade plaque is decorated with a peach, a swastika, a bat, a bit of fungus, and an orchid. The peach, as symbol of immortality, means long age; the swastika, an ancient symbol in China, signifies ten thousand, or numberless; the bat is a figure of good luck; the fungus of immortality is an emblem of longevity; and finally, the orchid is interpreted as meaning, come to an end. The ornament then reads in full: "May numberless years and luck come to an end only with the passing of old age."

In works of art, Taoist longevity emblems are particularly numerous; they are worked into many kinds of artistic material, whether it be jade, ivory, silver, wood, or porcelain. They are also extensively used for decorations in Chinese books. In addition to all these

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symbols, the most frequently seen Chinese character, shou (longevity), must not be forgotten. This single character has more than 100 variants; the character is wonderfully adapted to different representations, but is usually shown in circular form, not only on jade but also on porcelain, pottery, bronze objects, and even embroidery work.

It is no wonder that jade, the friendly and noble substance of China, is chosen as the name of many girls. *Precious Jade* as a girl's name has a double significance: first, it indicates the affection the girl enjoys; secondly, it contains the hope that this girl may

grow as beautiful as the precious jade.

Not every Chinese is wealthy enough to possess ornaments of jade, but this does not lessen his high esteem for it. The more fortunate may own and cherish some jade antique, such as a resonant stone hung from a frame. When struck with a little hammer. such a stone produces a delightful musical note. Poorer people may possibly own a finger ring, a pair of earrings, or some beautifully carved pendant. And the very poor must rest content in simply admiring the noble mineral from a distance: or perhaps they are made happy by naming their little girls Precious Jade.

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### Rollicking Reading

Of the well-known Jesuit, Father Boedder, the story is told that he was forever reading St. Thomas, and they said to him, "But surely you cannot read him all day, you cannot read him after dinner?"

"After dinner," he said, "I read the lighter and more amusing passages."

D. W. in the London Tablet (1 March '41).

## Ceiling for Flies

The Northwest Indians, when drying their winter's supply of salmon, hang the fish on trees 33 feet above the ground. An old buck was asked why the Indians do this. He answered, "Flies no get him."

The Indians discovered that flies do not rise of themselves to more than 32 feet from the ground, so they fooled the flies by hanging the fish just one foot above the fly line. By exerting themselves just a little more the flies could make the grade and get the fish. But they have always stopped trying at 32 feet and they probably always will.

California Western States Life Insurance Co. Bulletin.

# Potato Glamor

By E. T. LANGTON

Condensed from the Liguorian\*

Today the potato is at home on every menu. French-fried or mashed, boiled or shoestringed, baked and aglow with golden butter, or prepared according to some other taste-sanctioned recipe, the ubiquitous potato appears at almost every full-grown meal. Eating potatoes has become so commonplace that we do not consider it commonplace; we do not consider it at all.

Not always have potatoes been treated with such familiarity. Several centuries ago, highly educated Europeans would have stood aghast at the nonchalance with which we eat this vegetable, for only a few hundred years have passed since the potato was shunned by many as a cause of scrofula, fever, and even leprosy!

While the Europeans were snickering at the "knobie rootes, thicke, fat, and tuberous," the Indians of South America directed the tubers to more practical uses. With the development of the surprising Incas' civilization, before the discovery of America, they had learned to transplant the wild potato from the forests and to cultivate it on their plantations. They enlisted it as a staple food, and milled it into flour, with which they baked bread called by the appetizing name of chunno. It

was to the advantage of the Indians that their mountainous country was the native soil of this vegetable, afterwards named the "Irish" potato.

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The eyes have it

The first Europeans to come across the potato were the members of the expedition of Francisco Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru. His company, like all such conquering forces from Spain, was accompanied by a band of missionaries. It was one of these missionary priests, Jerome Cardan, who had the foresight to take the first potatoes back to Europe, where they were as yet unknown. This was early in the 16th century.

Once in Europe, the potato was circulated not by agricultural societies, but by diplomats and statesmen. The explorers, upon their return home, dutifully laid the potatoes before their sovereign, together with other more glittering treasures from the new world. The king of Spain sent specimens of the new botanical curiosity to the pope. His Holiness presented several to his cardinal legate to Belgium, who shared his gift with the governor of Mons. He, in turn, sent three of the tubers to the emperor's gardens at Vienna. Thus the newly imported potato made its debut in official circles. It was well into the 18th century before

the potato was a widespread food crop on the continent.

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The British Isles adopted the potato somewhat more quickly than the continental countries, and this was partly due to Sir Walter Raleigh. When not engaged in spreading cloaks over puddles, Sir Walter kept himself interested in such hobbies as potatoes, Ireland, and American colonization. It was his interest in the new world which first brought his attention to the dusty tuber. Recognizing something of its possibilities, he had the potato shipped across the Atlantic, and thus became one of the first to import the potato into England and Ireland, sharing this honor with the Elizabethan slave-traders. Raleigh, it is said, one day bowed before the royal throne and presented the new vegetable to Queen Elizabeth, but there is no evidence that Her Majesty favored it with her authoritative smile. Raleigh also set the American potato on its way towards being called the Irish potato, for it was he who planted the first potatoes at a place which is still pointed out near Cork.

Raleigh did not live to witness any English enthusiasm for the potato. Fifty years after his death, the Royal Society of London was endeavoring to propagate its cultivation as a safeguard against the famines caused by the frequent lean years in the grain fields. The conservative English, however, waited another leisurely century before

conceding that the Irish "had something there." In the late 17th century, England surrendered to the evident merits of the potato. The success of this long siege of England opened new continents to the potato, for thenceforth it was spread world wide by Britain's democratic imperialism. Never does the sun set upon the potato.

The calm acceptance of the potato in England was not re-enacted in France, for there its triumph over inhibitions was sensational and dramatic. Like other European countries, France was weeping over the distress of recurrent famine. Inspired by the national hunger during the famine of 1769, the Academy of Besançon sponsored a search for new foods and pledged a reward to the discoverer of the most satisfactory supplement to the French diet.

Announcements of this contest reached Antoine-Augustin Parmentier, a young military pharmacist in Paris. While serving his army in the French wars against Prussia, he had several times been taken prisoner, and during his fifth captivity he and his fellows feasted on a diet of black bread and potatoes. Parmentier welcomed the vegetable, in spite of its unpalatable preparation, because his knowledge of chemistry assured him that beneath its dull appearance it cloaked plentiful nourishment. The memory of his prison-and-potato days flashed before him when the Academy of Besancon published its plea for new foods. Coupling experience with chemistry, Parmentier wrote a scientific treatise on the potato, won the prize, and found himself in the midst of a battle.

Stubbornly determined that France would eat potatoes, Parmentier did not relax until he had vindicated the vegetable before the royalty. Eventually he trained the regal eyes of King Louis XVI to see things his way. His Majesty sealed his recognition by granting Parmentier the use of a tract of barren land on which he could study the culture of potatoes.

The remainder of the story unrolled with cinema-like speed. The tubers were planted, sprouted, grew, blossomed. Parmentier proudly plucked a bouquet of the potato blossoms and enthusiastically hurried off to show them to the king.

In the language of modern advertising, "The court and the country became potato-conscious." King Louis waltzed about the court with a blossom on his royal bosom, the bouquet in his hand, and joy on his lips: "This is

what will rescue my people from famine." The courtiers caught the fad and donned the potato blossom as their boutonniere. The previously unmentionable potato reigned on the menus of smart mesdames. Potato thievery became so prevalent that the royal troops were summoned to protect Parmentier's experimentation fields. The potato was painted by the master artists of France. His Majesty held a potato banquet for the nobility and the foreign ambassadors, and told his chefs to exert their culinary ingenuity in elaborating recipes which would enhance the tastiness of the potato.

Thus did France and the world begin to like the potato. All forgot that it was leprous, and that it was swine food. The potato was a wonderful thing.

Today we should smile to hear the commonplace potato called "wonderful." But, whether or not we think of it, behind every potato chip we crunch and behind every potato in the 5 billion bushels cultivated annually, there lies a glamorous history.

#### Three Lies

In front of Harvard University Hall is a bronze statue of a handsome youth, with the inscription, John Harvard, Founder, 1638. Those who know refer to the statue as the "Statue of the Three Lies." In the first place, Harvard was founded in 1636. John Harvard had nothing to do with it and, finally, the statue is entirely an imaginary likeness, for no one knows what John Harvard looked like.

# Shakespeare the Catholic

"Barren of new pride"

By AODH DE BLACAM

Condensed from the Irish Monthly\*

Shakespeare, more than any other, "painted the daily life of a rich and free humanity, with the Mass, and all that the Mass represents, as its sun and center." So writes the Hon. G. W. E. Russell, in a passage that cannot be quoted too often, or pondered too carefully. "Shakespeare," this critic declares, "is Catholic as the sea is salt." Matthew Arnold said that the very word Catholicism suggested to the mind "the pell-mell of all the men and women of Shakespeare's plays."

For a Catholic testimony, we turn to the best of modern writers on the Reformation. "To a man acquainted with the Catholic Church and the society it produces," Belloc writes, "nothing is clearer than that the plays of Shakespeare were written by a man plainly Catholic in habit of mind and for audiences in the same Catholic mood. Yet so simple and obvious a truth sounds absurd in the ears of men who attempt to write of the Reformation without knowing what the Catholic Church may be."

The essential Catholicism of Shakespeare's mind and art is coming to be acknowledged, indeed, by all writers. If this recognition is late, the reason is twofold: that nine-tenths of past critics have been Englishmen of the Protestant tradition, who have viewed their national poet as they have viewed their national past, namely, with an eye wilfully closed to what is awkward for their own mental position; while the little band of Catholic writers, intellectually cramped by the late Penal oppression, has tended to restrict the title of Catholic author to those who are explicitly champions of the faith, like Chesterton, or poets, in love with the faith, like Thompson.

When we put aside the non-Catholic interpretation of Shakespeare, and read him as we read authors of the unbroken Catholic tradition, like Cervantes in Spain, we find that like them he takes the faith for granted. He may not be devotional or polemical in his Catholicism, but he is ever conscious of man's supernatural destiny; his moral system, his philosophy are Catholic; his imagery and his people's rich and racy speech come from the Catholic life and no other; and, in fine, he can be appreciated to the full only by the Catholic reader. His fame has grown for three centuries, but it will not reach its height until, with the triumph of the Catholic mind in Europe, this literary glory of the Catholic past, the poetry and drama of Shakespeare, is given its just place in the Catholic heritage.

<sup>\*5</sup> Great Denmark St., Dublin, C. 16, Ireland. June, 1941.

We go farther, however, than the critics who are content to say that Shakespeare painted the old Catholic world. We say that he was Catholic in his person as well as in his art: that his faith and conscience were Catholic. We discern two great marks of this in his poetry. First, we trace the tribulations, temptations, failure and ultimate victory of the man himself. Secondly, since a Catholic author is conscious both of his own spiritual affairs and of the affairs of that Body of which he is a member, we trace in Shakespeare's greatest works the torment of a Catholic soul in a time when the Catholic community and the old civilization were going through the anguish of the English Calvary.

Shakespeare was the son of a man who left a Catholic testamentary document, which lately has been proved authentic. This John Shakespeare fell from prosperity in Old Stratford town; not that he was a ne'er-do-well, but a recusant must suffer for his loyalty. On his mother's side, William came of the Ardens, a fine, old Catholic family that held fast. The poet's antecedents and connections, therefore, were with the old faith, and we need not be surprised if he shows no sympathy with the Puritan religion that was crushing the loyalty and all gentle things in that beautiful Avonside land.

Record of William's marriage in a Protestant church is extant. Much has been made of this. The truth is, of course, that William Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway may very well have gone through the Anglican ceremony, as many Catholics did in the Penal days, to ensure their children's legal rights.

A notorious hunter of priests, Sir Thomas Lucy, was young Shake-speare's enemy. The poet's departure to London in 1585, three years after his marriage, is attributed to Lucy's persecution in some trespassing affair. It is likely enough that the young man, irked by the detestable regime, realized that only an anti-Catholic could thrive in Stratford, and went to seek his fortune in larger London.

William had a hard struggle in London. In seven or eight years, however, he made his way in the precarious profession of the actor and began to write plays for the company to which he was attached. The master revealed himself with A Midsummer Night's Dream.

In this exquisite comedy, there is more lovely nature poetry than in any of his other works, save one written shortly before his death. It is a dramatic lyric, singing of the countryside for which the poet is homesick after eight years in town, telling of Robin Goodfellow and the country mirth. Yet the lyric is made stageworthy by the richest, tenderest laughter in all the plays, with the comic craftsmen of Athens: magnificent Bottom the Weaver and poor Snout and Starveling. The

high courtesy of the princes who find more amusement in bad acting than in good,

> For never anything can be amiss When simpleness and duty tender it.

This is the graciousness of the Catholic spirit. The play closes with the loveliest lyrical praise of matrimony to be found in Shakespeare or, perhaps, in any poet.

He now comes into his own, and masterpieces come from his pen for the next ten years, at the rate of two a year. The tragic note sounds immediately after the Dream, for the next play is the majestic drama of kingship, Richard II; and the superb comedy, The Merchant of Venice, which followed it, is comedy inasmuch as it ends happily (once more with a glorification of married love), but it has tragic depths. The Merchant may have a fantastic theme, it may ask us to believe what is realistically impossible in Portia's disguise, but it is as real as life itself in its clear portrayal of mortal happiness in hourly jeopardy. There is no frivolity in the mirth; the lovers are glad, but they pass through the shadow to their joy.

In considering the sequence of Shakespeare's thought and work, we dismiss three weak potboilers, The Taming of the Shrew, The Merry Wives of Windsor, and the unfinished Troilus and Cressida. In the rest, whether histories, comedies or tragedies, we see his strength as a writer

growing, while the passion of his soul deepens and darkens, through Much Ado, As You Like It, Twelfth Night, Julius Caesar, All's Well, Hamlet, Measure for Measure, Othello, and so to the mightiest plays of all, King Lear and Macbeth. Then follow Antony and Cleopatra and Coriolanus, in which genius is at its full pitch, before two plays in which genius seems to be snapping to madness: Timon (1607), full of disgust with humanity, and Pericles (1608), full of despair with life. In these two pieces, the bitterness evident in Hamlet and Macheth seems to be all that is left in the poet's mind. His soul is sick. If he ended here, we would think that the world, the flesh or the devil had defeated him.

Suddenly, there is a change. A transformation comes over Shakespeare's spirit as if (and we believe this to be the fact) he had returned to the sacraments or made a spiritual retreat. The poet retired about this time to his home town, to live in the fine house with its big garden, New Place, that he had bought some ten years earlier out of his savings, Before he left London, he gave the world Cymbeline (1609), a noble tragedy, wholesome and sane; and in the next two years at home he wrote two more comedies, both on the highest plane of beauty that he ever reached.

These are *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest*. Neither is as well suited for the stage as his earlier comedies

for The Tale spans a generation, and is hard to stage, and The Tempest has fantastic elements not easily staged. The poet was pleasing himself, pouring out the tranquillity of his soul in drama simply because drama was his habit. The Tale describes the sweet reconciliation of a husband with his ill-used wife, whom he had wrongfully put from him 20 years earlier; and there is nothing more truly Shakespearean than that most moving final scene, when she, whom the prince takes for marble, comes to life, and the wrongs of a lifetime are forgiven and healed. Here that married love, which the poet never ceases to glorify, is crowned with almost the last splendor of his art. In The Tempest, in the person of Prospero, breaking his wand, he bids his art farewell, and the world with it; for now he will

> Retire him to his Stratford where Every third thought shall be his grave:

the very language of the Catholic soul.

All critics agree that these last three plays, in their arresting contrast of mood with the despairing pieces that preceded them, reveal a profound revolution in the poet's mind. One English authority compares the change "to the religious phenomenon known as conversion"; but, as he is well aware that the emotionalism of Puritan religion is remote from Shakespeare's character, he proceeds to put forward the theory that Shakespeare's crisis was

purely an affair of the artistic conscience, as if Shakespeare were not as far removed from the literary faddist as from the Puritan. To the Catholic reader, there is little mystery. We assume that Shakespeare broke with something that was darkening his spirit; he eased his soul in that way which the sacraments make possible.

There is one scrap of explicit evidence concerning Shakespeare's last days. "He died a papist," says an Anglican clergyman, who wrote of the poet, a long generation after his passing. If this statement be false, for what purpose was it invented? It is true that Shakespeare was buried in the Protestant church at Stratford, but this counts for little more than the outward conformity of his marriage. Moreover, Catholics still were hoping for the return of their nation to the faith, and of the Mass to the old churches in which the holy Sacrifice formerly had been celebrated; so the committing of a man's dust to an Anglican grave, during what was looked upon as an estrangement that would not last, might not have seemed so strange at the time as in retrospect. The clergyman who said that the playwright "died a papist" was well aware of the place of his sepulture, and made the statement notwithstanding; so we see no reason to suppose it a fabrication.

The passage of Shakespeare's mind from its early gaiety, through tragedy, to despair, and its sudden return to peace, is reflected clearly in the only part of his writings in which he speaks, not as a dramatist through the mouths of many characters, but as a poet, speaking explicitly of himself. This part of his work is the *Sonnets*, 154 marvelously finished poems of pure, direct self-expression.

These were written after the poet's arrival in London, over a period of years. They cannot be dated precisely, and the story underlying them cannot be read clearly; many ingenious, and often extravagant efforts have been made to interpret the writer's relations with his "dark lady" and his false friend. Of how much can we be certain? The best of the poems are love poems as pure and lovely as we could wish to find. Others describe that insatiable hunger for life that was his, and his delight in the visible world and in human things, while his joy is mixed with grief that what he sees and loves must die.

The poet's passionate love of living carries him into infidelity and shame; and all this he narrates, though in dark parable. He confesses to falsity and to vile sins. It is foolishness in some writers to seek to excuse Shakespeare of that of which he explicitly accuses himself. He went down to uttermost abandonment at some period of his career—probably, we suppose, at that time when he was coming to great fame and ruffling it with the mighty in that brilliant, brutal Elizabethan

London—but as he accuses himself, so he reveals disgust of self, and writes of sin as "the expense of spirit in a waste of shame." Famous penitents among the saints themselves, like St. Augustine, have used much the same language.

The dreadful familiarity with sin which we find in the plays of the middle period can be understood only by dreadful experiences; so also the taint of language in many, and, what is worst of all, that strain of despair which leads the poet sometimes to speak well of suicide. The soul of the man at some time, and for a considerable time, was in the depths.

This is not to say that Shakespeare was, as some Puritan writers have pretended, an habitual profligate. No habitual debauchee, no drunkard and rioter like poor Marlowe, could sustain that wondrous output of immortal plays which filled the years of Shakespeare's toil. There is written testimony on record, from one who knew him, that he was accustomed to decline the wild invitations of loose company, saying that he was "busy." No; our key explains what we find in the plays, that he was a sick, sad, self-accusing man in those creative years. He is familiar with sin, but he hates sin, and his uneased spirit sinks towards that despair from which he escaped at the last. He never, like the degenerates of modern literature, excused or glorified evil. There is strong meat in his writing,

but no poison. The gibe of those who oppose censorship, that we ought to put Shakespeare among the banned authors, is as false as it is silly. Shakespeare purges, he does not corrupt.

Mark the recurrent note, in one play after another, with which Shakespeare reveals his reverence for pure women, and his anger against false men. It is observed that there are hardly any bad women in the plays, save the ruthless Lady Macbeth and the ungrateful daughters of Lear; but how few of the men are noble!

These things we might illustrate with many examples; but that would be to do for the reader what he will find more pleasure and profit in doing for himself, as he reads the plays or sees them on the stage.

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#### Prohibition

Recently we sat in a club car and watched the operation of the dry law in Oklahoma. A portly man, accompanied by a brace of well-fed individuals, sauntered into the car, jug in hand. The demijohn was green, fluted with artistic figures, and the owner parked it behind his cushioned chair. This seemed unnecessary, as the big printed label in two-inch type said Tea. We began to wonder if it was oolong, black, or gunpowder, and for the moment we worked up an appetite for tea. Carefully the man surveyed the Pullman sitters, dismissing from his thought one couple who had red noses, but watching a woman who used a lorgnette and had a reformer's glint in her eye. Then as the Pullmanites settled down to minding their own business, the man reached back for his jug but hesitatingly set it back again. The time was not yet ripe.

Told by his companions a few minutes later that they were thirsty for tea, the jocose jug tender switched around sideways, produced paper cups like magic and out gurgled streams of the honey-colored tea. An odor that was not peppermint immediately ran through the air-cooled car. The woman looked up startled. She opened up her purse. Evidently she was looking for a notebook to report the incident. But no! she pulled out a silver flask, tilted it to her lips and took a bracer of tea. The couple with the red noses, not to be outdone, whipped out a pint from a hip reservoir, took healthy drafts of yellow tea and glanced approvingly up and down the club car. The party may not have been as historic as the one up in Boston but the Oklahoma tea party appeared a grand success.

From Fore and Aft by Joseph J. Quinn in the Southwest Courier (14 June '41).

# Mail Order Religion

Ah! Wisdom

By RICHARD DRISCOLL

Condensed from the Holy Name Journal\*

You can talk with God. You can if you happen to be one of the fortunate readers of the pulp magazine that carries the advertisement. You can if you enclose from \$10 to \$40 when you decide to enter "the realm." You can if you believe the man who says: "If Jesus Christ is seated at the right hand of God and if God has gone away and is still away preparing a place for us—well, I just do not like that picture."

Perhaps you were quietly reading a soothing detective story one night to quiet your nerves for sleep only to be jolted into complete consciousness again by a boxed advertisement in bold type which blandly let you know, I talked with God! You may have smiled, you may have been curious, you may have been indifferent. But there were thousands of other religionthirsty people who read that same advertisement seriously and took the pains to answer it. And that is why Dr. Frank B. Robinson of Moscow, Idaho, founder of Psychiana, is able to say, "I own control of the largest circulating daily newspaper in my county; I own the largest office building in my city; I drive a beautiful limousine; I own my own home which has a lovely pipe organ in it."

The thought of a mail-order religion

competing with Sears, Roebuck might be amusing until we hear the story of a young Irish servant girl who came to a priest and said, "Father, I've just discovered the most wonderful religion. It's called Psychiana."

The fact that Robinson vehemently attacks the institution he calls "orthodox religion" is bad enough. But when Psychiana begins to attract the faithful, it is time we began to look into just what Dr. Robinson is selling.

Moscow, central trade and wholesale center of the region that is known as the Palouse Empire, is about 375 miles east of Portland. The town is a rich and thriving little community.

Dr. Robinson discovered it quite by accident. His car broke down as he was passing through. That was about 12 years ago, when he was just a drug clerk. It wasn't until after he "talked with God" that he suddenly found himself elevated to "doctor."

Finding that the repair job would take several days, he walked into a drugstore in Moscow, applied for a job, and got it. A few weeks later, he bought the drugstore. He was an excellent salesman.

In his earlier drugstore days he received much larger sales commissions than did the other employees of estab-

<sup>\*</sup>Lexington Ave. at 65th St., New York City. June, 1941.

lishments for which he worked. He tells this story of the time he worked for the Pioneer Drug Company in Yakima:

"One day a man came into the store and asked for a pint of mineral oil. I sold him a quart, and then, not lacking aggressiveness, I proceeded to show him how he could save money by buying in larger quantities. I finally wound up by selling the man five one-gallon jugs of it. I would like to know what his wife said when he came home with five one-gallon jugs of mineral oil."

It was in Moscow that Dr. Robinson suddenly was inspired to apply mineraloil salesmanship to religion. He says he was lying under a tree in Grant High Park in Portland, Ore., when the "light" came to him and began to shine clearer and clearer until it won him completely. Critics say it was in a prescription room that he was struck with the idea of putting religion into a formula. At any rate, it was in Moscow that the business of Psychiana was born, Sitting in his room one night, he composed an astounding piece of advertising copy, put up for sale his lessons which would allow others to enter "the realm" for a chat with God, sent it off to a national magazine and waited for the answers to come.

Naturally he was worried. Suppose no one answered? He had borrowed about \$500. It was a terrible gamble. If people didn't take to Psychiana, he was in line to lose a lot of money. The answers came. They are still coming. Now, since Psychiana has burst into full bloom, hundreds of thousands of dollars pour into the coffers of Psychiana from all corners of the earth. The post office department has conducted four investigations into the business, but Robinson and Psychiana have emerged unscathed. Psychiana's advertising bill for the first ten years was \$409,574. Last year, Robinson paid an income tax on \$237,000.

He is held in high esteem by the Moscow community. At first he had a little difficulty with the Baptist minister. Dr. Robinson bought him a pipe organ. He also bought a plot of ground and presented it to the town. It is known as Robinson Park. He also built a professional building, which now houses the community doctors and his own drugstore, at a cost, he says, of more than \$50,000. The Daily News-Review was estimated by Robinson to be worth \$75,000. He bought it. He also claims Psychiana loses money.

Today, Robinson has developed quite a thesis for Psychiana. He defines Psychiana as a new philosophy of life, a religious philosophy which is designed to enable men and women to go into a working partnership with the great realm of God. He admits that the ideal of Christian religions has always been to have a God whose power is limitless, but he denies that such a God has ever been found and insists that apologies are always being offered

for His lack of demonstration and His absence from His people. Take, for example, the Catholic faith, This is what he says: "Over in Rome sits a gentleman who very frankly admits that he, too, has been enthroned as the vice-regent of God and millions of people actually and literally believe that all they have to do is follow the pope and subscribe to the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church and there can be no question about their salvation. In Portland, Ore., the other day, this outfit had the audacity to sell 10,000 indulgences to the followers of this faith. The Roman Catholic Church has always sold indulgences, and it may be that some of the money received from the sale of these indulgences has

gone to purchase the 36,000 barrels of wine which are stored in the Vatican basement today."

You may smile at a remark like this. But how about the little Irish girl who sent away her money? You can talk with God is an easy catch line for Catholics who have never had the advantage of knowing their religion as thoroughly as they might and yet who instinctively seem to know that they can talk to God. Of course they can. But what a difference it is to lift up the heart to God in the holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

"There will come to you a certain indescribable something which will, if you let it, change your whole life," says Dr. Robinson. It changed his life.

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#### What Every Girl Should Know

Leopold Bichl, a respected Hungarian seller of second-hand books, Dickensian in his little black skullcap, has a shop which his family has owned for a century. He boasts that he has never sold one of the hundreds of thousands of books passing through his hands without reading it. Becoming insolvent, he was inspired by reading a life of Napoleon, and decided to risk all on a single throw by publishing the following advertisement:

"What must a young girl know before marriage? From the book which I will supply to order, the young will learn, not those things which every young girl is told before marriage, but what the young girl of today will find it indispensable to know if she is to prove herself really modern. For reasons easily understood, it is not possible to sell such a book over the counter, but on receipt of the price, four pengoe [about \$1.25], the book will be sent, discreetly packed, to any address."

Orders rolled in from the young ladies of Budapest. In a fortnight the business was saved. The purchasers, however, were not satisfied, and several of them entered action for fraud. For what the old dealer had sent were ancient cookery books inherited from his father. One which particularly infuriated buyers was entitled Lazy Little Lulu Learns Cooking.

The Cross (April '41).

# Government and Wars

By REGINALD JEBB

How liberty is lost

Condensed from the Weekly Review\*

Wars are the result of government action. They are not caused by the people of a country. That does not mean that the populace never demands the war; still less, that it never approves the declaration of war made by its government. When a certain degree of tension is reached between two countries, it often happens that a majority in each of them is in favor of a decision by force of arms, but the initial stages in the growth of hostility, which eventually culminates in war, have very little to do with the ordinary citizen. He would not fight, if things were left in his hands, unless convinced that there was no other way to preserve his liberty or his normal means of livelihood. Man as man tends towards a peaceful solution of his difficulties: and if these difficulties become intolerable his natural reaction is to attack the person or persons he thinks responsible for them.

We may say, then, that if all the populations of all the countries of the world were left to manage their own affairs, there would be extremely few international wars. That, however, does not mean that wrongs and injustices within a country would always be righted or quarrels settled by peaceful means, but conflict would be re-

stricted within the limits of personal experience: within a locality or, at the widest, a nation.

But people have business dealings with people of other nations. These contacts, it will perhaps be argued, might create friction and eventually war between the nations concerned. Certainly there may be friction, but so long as the contacts are between private individuals or firms, such friction will not develop into a national crisis, for there is nothing to cause it to do so, On the other hand, directly those responsible for the conduct of the whole nation or, which is much more dangerous, those who control government without being responsible for it, come into conflict with similar forces in a foreign country, then the menace of war arises. Those acting on a national scale will, as it were, personify the mass of individuals that go to make up their nation, and will act, usually without the knowledge of the rank and file, in ways which may incite the corresponding personification of another nation to active hostility. The result is war.

If this be true, what is the upshot? Are we to eliminate governments if there is to be peace in the world? This is the answer of the anarchist, and it is unsound for two reasons. First, be-

cause government is necessary for the preservation of order and liberty within a nation; secondly, because in a greater or lesser degree there must be contact between nations as such, and for this, responsible national spokesmen are essential. If the anarchist were to confine his attack upon government to those who have national influence but escape the responsibility which it demands, he would be right; and it is exactly these people who are the ultimate cause of most wars,

If we are to have governments whose relations with those of other states may provoke international conflict, is there any hope that the world will ever be free from the menace of destruction?

To speak quite frankly, there will be no absolute certainty that war is a thing of the past until men cease to quarrel among themselves; but the likelihood of its occurrence can be reduced to a minimum by means that are within the grasp of mankind. During the last 20 years the specter of war has been before men's eyes, but the wrong means have been employed to get rid of it. The League of Nations was unsound because, while there existed no common philosophy to unite the different states, the constant meetings of national representatives had the effect of identifying nations with a few influential men and so of exaggerating national personifications. This, as we have seen, is a potent cause of war. Then there was the rather crude "outlawry of war," which amounted to little more than self-hypnotism based on fear. The nearest approach to anything practical was made in a few proposals to redress some of the major economic evils from which the world is suffering. But these proposals were never translated into action, and the violent irritants, usury and speculation, were not tackled.

If we are to succeed where our predecessors have failed, we must be constructive in several directions. The first thing to be done is to strengthen the people as compared with those that govern them, not in the revolutionary sense of undermining authority or of getting rid of it, but in the sense that the control of government should be prevented from encroaching upon any sphere of life in which ordinary citizens are competent to act. For this it is necessary that all heads of families should have economic freedom, and that government subsidizing, and hence control, of the bulk of the population should cease. By this means, together perhaps with a genuine form of corporate representation springing from the people, the nation will tend to become identified with the individuals composing it instead of with their governments, and the result will be a human, as distinguished from a diplomatic, relationship between countries. Responsible human beings alway act as a brake upon international conflict, because they have solid interests which are endangered by

war; but, if three-quarters of the population are compelled to depend upon the government for the ordinary necessities of life, and the intimate affairs of their homes are under its control, they lose all influence upon its actions.

This defect is most evident in totalitarian states where the people are the chattels of the government; but anyone with an unbiased outlook can see the same thing growing up in England: \$2 billion spent annually in social services; compulsory attendance at government schools; compulsory insurance and trade-union subscriptions; a rapid decrease of productive small properties; regimentation of drinking hours, shopping hours, and entertainments; official treatment of the poor as though they

were incapable of independent action. All this means that the center of gravity of the nation is being transferred from the people to the government, and the stage is being set for yet another destructive war.

It was a totalitarian government in control of a particularly slavish populace that caused the present war, and we are fighting to exterminate the tyranny of totalitarianism. It would be a tragedy if, at the end of it, we found that we ourselves had built up a topheavy and servile state which of its nature would be likely to follow the example of its enemy.

Distribution of responsibility and of the means of production is the first step towards peace in the future.

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### Goose for the Sauce

A distinguished American once went to Paris. The master Escoffier was asked to honor him by creating a special dish for him. Escoffier went into retreat. For two days he worked on a piece of steak. For another two days he worked on a sauce. At last the master was satisfied. His nose twitching from his creation's exquisiteness, he brought the dish to the table. The American grunted his approval. With a knife he gouged the meat that would have given way to a fork. He took a mouthful. "Hey!" he called to Escoffier, who had retired a discreet distance. Escoffier hurried forward to accept with becoming modesty the compliments he deserved. "Oui, monsieur," he said, bowing. Said the American, "Bring me some ketchup, will you?"

From 1 Lost My English Accent by C. V. R. Thompson (Putnam's: 1939).

# "Ride On, Little Sister!"

Muleback to Heaven

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By CLARE SILVA-WHITE

Condensed from the Cornhill Magazine\*

The Mother Superior, her voluminous habit making a gentle murmur against the matting, led the doctor down the long corridor and up the stairs into the little ward which was set aside for infirm Sisters. There was only one bed occupied, and as they approached it, the Sister who was kneeling at one side, busy with her beads, rose to her feet.

"How is she, Sister?"

"Just the same, Reverend Mother. Her poor mind wanders all the time."

The doctor bent down, but his first brief glance showed him that here was a patient who need not be disturbed. He straightened himself, and, looking significantly across at the Mother Superior, said, "We won't bother her just now, I think. I will look in again when I have finished my round."

They walked cautiously so that they might not disturb her who lay in the little bed. They need not have troubled, for had they only known, Sister Augustine was thousands of miles away from them all, and soon she would be setting out on a longer journey still.

It was in the year 1899 that she left her native France to help establish a branch of the Order of the Little Sisters of the Poor in South America. There were nine other Sisters with her, but she was the youngest of them all. And so tiny, that at first the Mother General had demurred a little at letting her go. To big Sister Vincent, she said, "Take special care of the little Sister. Otherwise you might lose her. For look you, have you ever seen anyone so tiny?"

They had reached Barranquilla before she had recovered from the sea voyage. They rested there for two or three days. The journey on the Magdalena river up to Honda took them 15 days, and although Sister Augustine suffered no seasickness, she hoped it would be a long while before she would have to enter a boat again.

Think of it! After a long sea voyage, to be more than three weeks in another boat, and often the water so shallow that their craft sank into the sands, and they had to be transferred to another vessel. But, oh! the beauty of the country through which they passed: the birds with their marvelous plumage, the wonderful deep dark green of the forests that reached right down to the water's edge, the strange, tropical flowers.

Once as they drifted close to land, Sister Augustine saw a slender shape curved round the bough of a tree that overhung the water. She called Sister Vincent, and the two of them watched it in silence. Then Sister Vincent clapped those big, brown hands of hers, and immediately it sprang up, so that for an instant they saw all the gracile beauty of its black and golden body, before it dropped into the thick undergrowth. But supposing, just supposing, they had been nearer, thought Sister Augustine, clutching her companion's arm for a moment at the mere thought of it. Nothing seemed to frighten Sister Vincent, yet even she seemed thankful when at last that long voyage came to an end.

They reached Honda to find the president and two members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society waiting to receive them. They had brought with them ten mules for the use of the Sisters and three horses for themselves. Then the heart of little Sister Augustine sank right down into her tiny boots. For be sure that never in all her 26 years had she even a nodding acquaintance with horseflesh, let alone with mules.

At first it wasn't so dreadful. It was open country and the mules ambled along soberly enough. Sliding her little fingers underneath the big broad saddle Sister Augustine could feel the animal's warm back. But presently the road became rough. They clung to saddle and bridle with all their strength, praying that the end of this most special trial might come soon.

Sister Vincent recovered herself first.

of course. She rode among the other Sisters on her big gray mule. "See, my Sisters, what a good horsewoman I have become. Sister Aloysius, do not pull so tightly on his mouth or you will pull the poor beast over on top of you. And you, Sister Genevieve, sit farther back in your saddle."

But to little Sister Augustine all she said was, "Ride on, little Sister, ride on! For the honor of France and our Lady!"

And the little Sister did her best to obey her, to keep up with the rest, but, dear God, it was terrible! They went down hills where their mules were obliged to jump from one rock to another. Indeed, it was hard to say which was the worse, the going down a hill, or the coming up, for in one the animal was bent forward vertically, so that, had she not leaned backward as far as possible, she might have fallen on his head, and in the other she had to lean forward so that she would not slip off behind.

At last came a day when that ride could safely be numbered among the things of the past. With thankful hearts they said good-by to their mules, and soon they were in a train on their way to Bogota, Colombia.

There the Society of St. Vincent de Paul awaited them at the station. They were taken to a carriage, and sank gratefully on the broad cushioned seats. The carriage moved out into the streets, and presently, to the amazement of all who were not in the secret, it drew up at a beautiful church. The doors were flung open, and they could see the high altar all aglitter with lights, as though for some great festival. They heard the jubilant swell of the organ, and to that music the little band of heroic Sisters suffered themselves to be led up the aisle to seats in the sanctuary. Tears, which not even the events of their journey had drawn forth, were falling now as with trembling voices they joined in the *Te Deum*, and gazed with hungry eyes at the Blessed Sac-

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After that there was but the last little journey to the house which was to be the first home of the Little Sisters of the Poor in South America. It was all beautiful; and to make the picture complete, there were even some poor old men and women already gathered there to welcome them.

rament exposed on the high altar.

Presently the archbishop himself came to say Mass and to confide the most Blessed Sacrament to the care of the little community of faithful women, like to that other little band of women 2,000 years ago who watched beside a cross,

Sister Augustine stayed at the home in Bogota for many years. She, the little frail one, actually outlived big Sister Vincent, who succumbed after some five years to the dreadful yellow fever which had already carried off the Mother Provincial and another of the Sisters.

After Sister Vincent died, the little Sister felt very lonely. The old pet name had fallen into disuse. To the rest of the community, as fond of her as they were, she was Sister Augustine.

Often she would go down to the tiny cemetery where the Sisters were buried, and kneeling at the graveside of that one most dear, she would try to imagine that she heard her big voice calling, "Ride on, little Sister, ride on! For the honor of France and our Lady!"

At last her health became so bad that they insisted on sending her back to France. Once there, in her native land, she seemed to improve. Quite soon she was well enough to be transferred to the house of the Order in Birmingham. But after she had been there for three or four years, her health failed again, and on the advice of the doctor she was sent to one of the houses in Ireland, in the hope that the softer, milder climate might do her good. That was nine months ago, and she had been growing gradually feebler as the weeks slipped by.

"She is going fast," said Dr. Terence O'Flaherty as, having finished his round, he came back to the bedside of Sister Augustine. The Mother Superior fell on her knees, and the rosary brushed lightly against one of Sister Augustine's little hands, as they pulled restlessly at the white coverlet.

"How cold she is," the doctor muttered, as he took the tiny wrist in his big, warm grasp. Through that thick haze that had come between herself and the outside world, she heard him, and he saw the tiny, fugitive ghost of a smile twitch at her sunken mouth.

"How cold!" Ridiculous, when the sun was blazing overhead in merciless strength; when her heavy serge garments clung around her limbs, and the warm hide of a big brown mule sweltered beneath her hand. Why, there was Sister Vincent riding just ahead of her, and every bit as hot as she was! She could see the big drops of perspiration beading her cheeks, falling on her dusty, travel-stained habit, as she turned in her saddle. Hear the beloved sound of her strong, cheerful voice, as once again, and for the last time, she urged her forward:

"Ride on, little Sister, ride on! Our journey is almost at an end now."

There was a little movement in the bed, as of one who, after a long day's work, at length settles down to peaceful slumber.

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### He Closed the Door

It was in Barcelona, when the communist government officials were seeking to execute all who opposed their anti-Catholic regime. To be cited before their courts meant death. In the *Calle Caspe*, red agents were searching for a diocesan priest. They had been told he was in a certain apartment and, with revolvers in hand, they stormed the door. An elderly man met them.

"Where is this disguised priest? We know that he is here."

The elderly man smiled and bowed. "Gentlemen, there is no reason for any disturbance. Come, I will accompany you, so the good people here will suffer no inconvenience."

He closed the door behind him as he left the apartment with them. They led him to a waiting automobile. It speeded towards the base of the mountain known as Tibidabo. Twenty minutes later, he was killed by a communist machine-gun squad.

Hidden in the apartment, and unaware that he had been saved, was the brave man's son: the priest.

The Messenger of the Sacred Heart (July '41).

### Deep Down

A French ambassador, a Catholic, lay ill at Stockholm, in Protestant Sweden. Someone asked him whether, in case he died there, he would feel uncomfortable at the thought that he was to be buried with Protestants?

"No," he replied. "I would simply ask to have the grave dug a little deeper, and thus I should rest among your ancestors who were Catholics like myself."

Our Lady of Perpetual Help (July '41).

# Open Letter to Mary

Memorare

By GEORGE SCHUSTER, S.M.

Condensed from the Apostle of Mary\*

Dear Mary: It has occurred to a number of us that it is about time for you to take a hand down here again. We're in an awful mess. In fact, it has been brewing for some 400 years. And we shouldn't be surprised if the odors have reached to high heaven. Surely you must have noticed?

It all began, we suspect, back there in that night of years following the High Middle Ages. We had been getting on fairly well, as human beings go. Slowly and with clumsy fingers we had been fashioning ourselves, so we like to think, to the image and likeness of our Mother the Church. There were those who thought they saw in our body corporate something that tended to be one, holy, catholic, and apostolic, even like unto our Mother. You smile and put your tongue in your cheek when we say "holy." But we did have a sizable quota of holy men and women, sizable when you consider that we were born with original sin.

Well, if you insist, perhaps we were not so holy, but we were one. We were Christendom, as your Chesterton says, and Christendom was one, from whichever way you looked at it. We found it good to be so; it is easier to become holy when you are one.

Then came this, that and the other

thing after the Renaissance: they call them 5th-column elements these days. But the pope was busy about many things, some of which would not exactly contribute to a pope's canonization, it was rumored. And before he could set about house cleaning (it seems many springs had gone by without it) other men took over and broke Europe and Christendom in two, as learned men say. And because one half no longer had the protection and discipline, the nourishment and love, of Mother Church, it fell into evil ways and sickened unto death. And out of its sick brains have come men whose number is legion. They had no thought of your Boy, or if they thought of Him it was to hate Him. They did not like you either, not at all. As years passed they increased and multiplied, and their hate with them. Men the earth over broke and parted; they loved you and Yours, or they hated. Down through the centuries the cleavage has lengthened and widened till all men have become divided against themselves. We believe it is the most dangerous crisis we have ever faced.

That is why we say it is time for you to take a hand. We have tried, but we have botched things as only we can. We have been selfish, unjust, unkind; we have been small, mean, unsaintly; we have not loved enough. And because we are so, we have no power against this evil.

You say you must not interfere here, that God's will must be done? Yes, we know. But we recall that you did not say that, when the wine casks were empty and needed refilling; now, did you? You tapped Him on the shoulder and said, "The wine seems to be gone, but the guests aren't." Your inflection left no doubt about what He was to do. He objected: the time was not ripe for such a thing. You smiled and said: "No, but the guests are." He tried to reason with you. But you would not listen to reason, and thereby established a precedent, by the way, that women have taken advantage of ever since.

But the precedent you set for yourself is what we wish to recall urgently to you now. You see, we have examined your record and found that Cana was only the beginning, a faint foreshadowing, of your historical role, a precedent in miniature of what was to be. Every time the Church has faced destruction you have turned destruction against itself. It is a commonplace among us that you have a way with you in these matters.

Take Alfred and the Danes, for instance. For years the fiercest of all invaders had sent the Northumbrian monks up in smoke, and belabored the faithful. They were well on their way to banish Christ from England and on a considerable piece of the Continent. Alfred and his warriors battled and battled, but in vain. Despair crept through England, over the moors and over the greenwood, and King Alfred set his face against the night and wept.

It was then that you came and raised him who was bowed down, and spoke to him. And when you had finished, as your Chesterton recounts, the king left his despair in the slough of the southern moor, and marched.

Out of the mouth of the Mother of God,

More than the doors of Doom,
I call the muster of Wessex men
From grassy hamlet or ditch or den,
To break and be broken God knows
when,

But I have seen for whom,

Mark, the man from Italy, put down his wine cup and took his Roman sword; Eldred the mighty sea lord unhooked his rusted battle-ax and strode forth from his mead hall like a walking hill; and Colan the giant Gael put up his harp and put on his harness. It was sufficient that you needed them. They would die, and gladly.

But you were with them like soldiery from heaven. The red barbarian was beaten and England was safe for Christ and Christian men. As Alfred discovered, you have a way with you.

But you were only beginning. You had adopted a role in the drama of centuries that you were to warm to with each new entree. And the stage was being set for you again. For, while the Dane was being driven to his knees in brake and fen, the devil was hurling wild Mongol men across the eastern steppes and fanatic Turks against the southern wall of Mother Church. But they split and crumbled on the Rock of Peter.

Then Satan planted poison within the walls. He would poison the minds of Christian men and women and undermine the Rock. By the end of the 12th century the evil had spread from the Balkans to France. There it waxed and grew strong under Albigensian leaders. Three Church councils had condemned the heresy. Pope Eugenius and St. Bernard had both preached and led prayers for the peaceful dissolution of this newest menace. But the heretics spread farther abroad their condemnation of the sacraments, their denial of the incarnation, their contemptuous repudiation of the Church. Fighting nobles joined the growing counterchurch, their greedy eyes on the estates of the Church. The masses flocked to the new standard, deluded by the simplicity of its doctrine and its denunciation of clerical wealth.

There was but one thing left to do. The pope, Innocent III, asked the king of France to use force. It was then that Simon de Montfort came out of the North and Dominic from the South, his crucifix like a standard above him; and deep in their hearts was unshak-

able faith in you, the faith of Alfred. They saved Europe for the faith. The heretic was broken and the devil with him.

Simon, that rock of the Church in his own right, attributed the miraculous feat of arms to Mary and her Dominic. Had not Dominic knelt before the altar during all the battle, like Moses on the mountain, and wheedled a promise of victory from the Mother of God? You remember, of course, how in thanksgiving, de Montfort had a chapel built in that very church of St. Jacques, and dedicated it to our Lady of the Rosary. Are we convincing you at least a little bit that there is so much historical precedent for what we are asking you to do that it is a veritable tradition, a sacred tradition born of our utter need and your mother love? You say that our logic limps? That two precedents do not make a tradition? Very well.

Do you remember Lepanto, and Don John and the Turks, just the other century? For years, like a giant scimitar the Turks had been nearing the throat of Christendom. Asia was theirs, and Africa; there were 80,000 horse in their European dominions champing to be across the border of Christendom, and 600 galleys leaping at its exposed coast. From Cyprus to Spain Christian men went down on their knees to pray with their father, Pius. And when they rose, a ship came out of the West, flying your standard of blue, and under

it stood a soldier repeating the prayer of the Catalan fighting man: "Virgen santa, Madre mia, Trono de Gloria, tu a la victoria nos lleveras" (Thou wilt lead us on to victory). And he went forth to meet Ali Pasha and his galleys of fierce Janissaries who had never felt a victor's heel.

After five hours the green banner of the Prophet lay in shreds on the sea, and your blue standard hung on high, holy and unscathed, though the hordes of Islam had broken themselves against it. Christian men were saved—and civilization; the Turk at sea was no longer invincible. Without cavil or quibble, this was your work. Christian men swore that it was so. You will agree with us that not even the Queen of Doctors can question historical evidence such as this.

It was not long before what had been tradition became a habit with you. We refer, of course, to what happened before the gates of Vienna a century later. You remember the details of the summer of 1683? The crescent swept around Vienna, and the pillars of Christendom trembled with the thunder of countless horsemen who were thanking Allah and his Prophet for at last placing the heart of Christianity in their gun sights. There was no one to stop them this time, not Martel, not the lion-hearted one, not Ferdinand and his queen, not Don John. In fact, France, the center of Europe and the faith, had actually sold

Vienna down the Danube to the infidel.

It was then that a man rose up from a people who had known fire and sword and the deluge. Do you recall how this man knelt before you at Czestochowa? As you know, the Poles won their battle right there on their mailed knees; they had been trained to fight that way from their cradles. Dispersing the infidel was but a formality. a performance that they expected of you as a matter of course. That five times their number fled straightway from Austria to Asia did not astonish them at all. So vividly did they feel you leading them, guarding them, fighting with them, that Sobieski found it the most natural thing in the world to inform the pope, "Veni, vidi, Domina vicit."

Pardon us for being so long-winded. We just wanted to remind you of the things you have done in cases like ours. Learned phrasemakers say that for us it is Pius or paganism, Jesus or Jupiter, Christ or the Kremlin. Indeed, the times could hardly be worse. That is why you see us kneeling on our little sphere of distracted earth, searching heaven for you. Surely you have a solution up your blue sleeve?

Ill omens are gathering in the sky. Headlines are growing bigger and blacker all our days and nights. But we remember that it was never known that anyone who fled to your protection was left unaided.

## **Books of Current Interest**

Any of which can be ordered through us

Gibbs, Sir Philip Hamilton. Sons of the Others. Garden City: Doubleday. 310 pp. \$2.50.

Linking the first World War with the present conflict, the author

pleads for peace.

for England.

Gilson, Etienne. God and Philosophy. New Haven: Yale Univ. Press. 147
 pp. \$2.
 Four lectures dealing with the metaphysical problem of God.

Gill, Eric. Autobiography. New York: Devin-Adair. 283 pp. \$3.

Mental growth and spiritual development, etched in episodes of his life.

- Haugg, Donatus. Rosary and the Soul of Woman. New York: Pustet. 115 pp. \$1.25.

  The Rosary interpreted as inspiration for spiritual perfection of women.
- Hayward, William L. The C.S.S.S.: the Quest and Goal of the Founder, the Right Rev. William McGarvey. Philadelphia: Jefferies & Manz. 417 pp. \$3.

  The record of an Anglo-Catholic monastic organization founded in 1891, and ending 17 years later when nearly all its members entered the Catholic Church.
- Mattingly, Garrett. Catherine of Aragon. Boston: Little, Brown. 477 pp. \$3.50.

  Brilliant, scholarly biography of the lonely and loyal first wife of Henry VIII who, in an era of power politics, fought the king to a standstill, not only to preserve her own position but to save the faith
- Meyers, Sister Bertrande. The Education of Sisters. New York: Sheed. 255 pp. \$3.75.

  Survey of educational practices of 60 communities together with a plan for integrating the religious, cultural and professional training of Sisters.
- Morton, H. V. Women of the Bible. New York: Dodd. 204 pp. \$2.

  Symbolizes womanhood in striking portraits of 23 women of the Bible.
- O'Brien, John Anthony. Thunder from the Left. Huntington, Ind.: Our Sunday Visitor Press. 338 pp. \$1.50.

  The story of Marxism, based on documents studied after the Spanish Civil War.
- Sheen, Fulton. For God and Country. New York: Kenedy. 107 pp. \$1.

  Series of simple, logical arguments for achievement of national strength through individual dependence on God.